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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

NO. 25

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SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1909.

DATES SET FOR McKEAN COUNTY FAIR AND RACES

Directors' Meeting Held and Plans are Formulated.

DATES ARE SEPT. 21, 22, 23, 24

Officers are Elected and Work Has Been Started for the Greatest Fair and Races Ever Held in McKean County—Everybody Should Boost.

The directors of the McKean County Fair Association held their annual meeting last Thursday evening and perfected plans for their next annual fair.

The most important part of the meeting was chosing the dates which are Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 21, 22, 23 and 24, when the biggest and best fair and races in every respect ever held in McKean county will be held. And right now every citizen of this county should commence to make preparations to attend this meeting.

This will be the Fifth Annual Fair and Races and Live Stock and Agricultural Exhibition held by this association and the officers and directors propose to make it better than ever before. Every year has marked some improvement in this event and we are assured that this will be no exception to the rule.

The directors of the association are: R. W. Hilton, president; James A. McKean, treasurer; Guy McCoy, secretary, R. E. Burdick, F. D. Gallup, C. D. Comes and F. L. Sherburne. The list of vice presidents will be published soon.

Ever since the fair started Hon. R. W. Hilton has worked unceasingly for its success and his efforts, together with his co-workers, have been rewarded much better than was at first anticipated. And this year Guy McCoy has consented to help him and with such a team working together there can be no question about making it greater than ever before, for Mr. McCoy is a hustler hard to equal and one who never lets up until anything he takes hold of is a success.

The stables which were blown down during the winter will be replaced with new ones at once and the track, which by the way is one of the best in the country, will be placed in first-class condition. All other necessary repairs will be made without delay.

As we understand it the dates were so arranged as to make it convenient for many horses and midway attractions to come here, which of course goes far toward making a fair attractive to the people. Last year the midway attractions were the best ever. This year they will be better. It would be hard to make the races any better, but an effort will be made to improve them.

HANGED ON TUESDAY.

Young Italian Pays the Penalty for Murder at Emporium.

A dispatch from Emporium dated June 29 says: Joseph Paguno, the young Italian who shot and killed John Kilie, a fellow countryman at this place on the night of last Thanksgiving, was executed here this morning at 10 o'clock. The hanging was very successful.

When the hour of the hanging arrived he walked calmly to the scaffold, accompanied by the priests, three of whom remained with him during his last night. He seemed to be reconciled to his fate. Just before the black hood was drawn over his head he was given permission to say something and he called an Italian interpreter to his side and whispered something to the latter. What he said is not known. He then produced a letter which he had writen during the night and requested that it be mailed to his mother who is in Italy.

The trap was sprung by Sheriff North, and within a twinkle of the eye the man was dead. His neck was broken. L. K. Hogarth was appointed one of the deputy sheriffs for this occasion and was in attendance at the execution.

Lived More Than Century.

Mrs. Rosa Lewis Joseph, died Friday at the home of Mrs. J. Goodman at the age of 102 in Bradford.

Mrs. Joseph was born in Knwal, Russia Poland and came to this country 57 years ago. She had resided in Bradford since 1860.

Deceased is survived by a sister, Mrs. R. Cohn of Oshkosh, Wis.; four children, A. Joseph of Bradford; Mrs. J. Goldstein of Oil City, Pa.; Mrs. J. Glenner of Chicago, Ill., and Ellis Lewis Joseph of Mexico. She also leaves 32 grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Store Room for Rent.

A store room in the Odd Fellows' building for rent. Inquire of trustees of building.

N. HARRY KNAPP DEAD.

Well Known Athlete and Musician Passed Away on Monday.

Nathan Harry Knapp died at his home on Church street, this borough, at four o'clock Monday morning, June 28, 1909, aged 46 years. The cause of his death was a throat trouble which he had been bothered with for the past fifteen months. Early in the spring of 1908 he was taken with a sore throat which baffled the skill of physicians both at home and in nearby cities, but which gradually kept growing worse until about six weeks ago when he was confined to the bed and failed in health until the end.

The subject of this sketch was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Knapp and was born in Rumford Falls, Maine, February 21, 1863. When four years of age he came to Pennsylvania with his parents who settled at what is now known as Crosby. Later they moved to Smethport where the deceased received his education and has since made his home, with the exception of short intervals when elsewhere employed.

As a boy and young man he was one of the best all around athletes in this section. He was for years one of the best ball players in the county and played professional ball with the DuBois team one season in the days of the old Mountain League. He was a fast runner, a good jumper, an all around athlete and always took great interest in all kinds of manly sports. He was also a musician of more than ordinary ability, being identified with Smethport's band and orchestra. He was an accomplished performer on the euphonium and also handled other band and orchestra instruments with skill. He was a member of the Musician's Union of Port Allegany and did his last playing with the I. O. O. F. band of this place.

He was a member of the Smethport Hose Company, joining that body about the time it was organized and was one of the leaders on the running team, back in the days when Smethport had one of the best teams in the state, in fact, we are of the opinion that at one time it was considered the champion team of the state.

He learned the printers trade in the MINER office under the late Col. L. Rogers of Kane, who was then editor of this paper, and when Mr. Rogers was elected county treasurer in 1890, Harry was appointed deputy treasurer in which capacity he acted for three years. He was always an active Republican worker and has been county committiman for several times. He was an expert accountant and bookkeeper and has held several clerical positions in the court house at different times.

Harry was a good printer and newspaper man, having spent several years of his life in that business in the Democrat and MINER offices, and was an employee in this office at the time he was taken ill. A few years ago he took charge of the Austin Republican and ran that paper for several months, after which he returned to Smethport and accepted a position as bookkeeper in the Raines Bottle Factory, holding that position until after the factory was sold to the Berney-Bond company.

About 20 years ago he was married to Miss Frances Laley of Meadville and to them was born two children, Misses Fay and Marguerite, all of whom together with his aged mother, two sisters, Mrs. Ivah E. Lewis and Mrs. Lee A. Gibson of Rochester, N. Y., and one brother, Ross K. Knapp of this place, survive to mourn the loss of a good, kind, generous and loving husband, father, son and brother.

Harry Knapp had a host of friends throughout the county and in this section of the state who will mourn the loss of a good, wholesouled, genial and companionable friend. The writer has intimately known him for over 25 years and has always found him a true friend, who never failed to do his full share to make the burdens of others lighter and while never rich in this world's goods, he was ever willing to share the crumbs with a fellow being less fortunate. Like all mortals he was not perfect but his shortcomings might be likened unto a few weeds bordering a rich field of grain—greatly in the minority.

The funeral services were held in St. Luke's church Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock, Rev. W. E. Vandyke officiating, and his remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery. The Port Allegany Band and I. O. O. F. Band of Smethport, massed, and the Smethport Hose Co., escorted his remains to their last resting place, the band discoursing appropriate music. The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

Automobile for Sale.

Engine and Change Speed Gear guaranteed in perfect condition, newly painted and thoroughly overhauled, fine running condition. Has detachable tonneau, carries either two or four passengers, fully equipped with oil lights and gas headlight, extra tire and inner tubes. This is a "snap" for some one and should be taken quick. Price complete $275.00.

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.
Smethport, Pa.

tf

Have your Lawn Mower put in shape, better than new. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Ordination of Chas. E. McCoy.

The Third Sunday after Trinity, June 27th, St. Luke's church was the scene of a service of unusual interest. On that day Mr. Chas. E. McCoy was made a Deacon.

There was an early celebration of the Holy Communion, and later Morning Prayer was said. At 10:30 a. m. the large choir, singing hymn 388, entered the church followed by the candidate for ordination.

The Bishop of the Diocese, preceded by his chaplain bearing the Bishop's Pastoral Staff, entered the chancel when the Perface to the Ordinal was read. Bishop Whitehead preached the sermon taking as his text, Acts VI-5. "And they chose Stephen, a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost."

After the Offertory Anthem, "How Beautiful Upon the Mountains," Smith, the candidate was presented to the Bishop for ordination by the Rev. W. E. VanDyke, sometime curate of St. Luke's church, acting in the absence of the beloved Rector Emeritus of St. Luke's, the Rev. J. H. McCandless.

The Bishop and the choir then sang the Litany.

The Communion Service sung was Adlam's Service in F.

It is not often that an ordination Service has so many elements of interest. Nor does it always happen that a candidate is surrounded on this important day in his life by those who have been the companions and friends of his boyhood and early manhood and have a loving personal interest in the service. The affection and interest of relatives and friends combined with the devotion of a beautiful, impressive and well rendered service tended to make this service one of the historical services in St. Luke's parish.

The Rev. Mr. McCoy is the first of the boys of St. Luke's to give himself to the ministry of the church and will carry with him the prayers and good wishes of this parish for his success in his life's work.

The same evening the Rev. Mr. McCoy preached his first sermon, a large congregation being present in St. Luke's on this memorable occasion.

An informal reception was held in the parish house immediately after the evening service.

Stark-Sawyer Nuptials.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McVean in this borough, this morning, Thursday, July 1, 1909, a very pretty wedding was solemnized by Rev. W. E. VanDyke, when he said the words that united for life, Miss Emma Loraine, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Sawyer and Mr. Rex Lewis Stark of this borough. The wedding was a quiet one, only the near relatives of the bride and groom being present.

Immediately after the congratulations which followed the ceremony the happy young couple left for a honeymoon trip to Atlantic City and other points East. Upon their return they will reside in Smethport.

The bride is a charming young lady who has a host of friends in town. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Stark of this borough and a popular young glass bottle blower. Their many friends wish a life full of happiness.

Salutino-Rocco Nuptials.

A pretty little wedding was solemnized at Clermont on Sunday, June 27th, at 3 o'clock p. m., at St. Sabinos church. The Rev. Father Carpenter of Clermont pronounced the words that united in wedlock, Mr. Ralph Salutino and Mrs. Carmela Rocco, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs Frank Rizzo.

According to the customs of their native country, a line of march, extending from the home of the bride's parents to the church was participated in by the happy couple and their numerous friends, and after the ceremonies the same march was extended to the future home of the bride and groom, amid showers of rice. Mr. Salutino is a trusted and valued employe of the Clermont Sewer Pipe Co., being employed for years a foreman and shipping clerk, and has many friends who wish him and wife joy and prosperity.

Resolutions of Respect

Offered by the Daughters of The American Revolution, upon the death of Mrs. Agnes McCoy MacQuiston.

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father in His Wise Providence has removed from our midst our well beloved Sister, Mrs. Agnes McCoy MacQuiston, be it hereby

Resolved, That the members of McKean Chapter, D. A. R. deeply deplore her death, and at the same time extend to her bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy, in this, their hour of sorrow.

Her beautiful Christian life was one that should be emulated by all members of society.

May her memory live long, and the example, which she set for good, continue to grow as time rolls on, is the earnest prayer of your committee,

Be it Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, also published in the local newspapers.

ADA M. YOUNG,
MARY H. FORREST,
EMMA A. GIFFORD,
Com.

Smethport, Pa., June 27, 1909.

REV. A. R. KIEFFER DEAD.

Well Known Bradford Minister Passed Away Yesterday Morning.

Augustus R. Kieffer, D. D., for many years rector of the church of the Ascension at Bradford, died at the Bradford hospital at 8:35 Wednesday morning. The end came peacefully after a long illness from heart trouble.

Rev. Kieffer has often visited Smethport in his clerical capacity, and the following from the Star Record will be of interest to his many friends here:

Dr. Kieffer was a type of the highest intellectuality. Coupled with a brilliant mentality, the beloved pastor possessed a sunny disposition that had endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. While not a brilliant orator, his sermons were so filled with sound sense and helpfulness that he never lacked an appreciative congregation. He was liberal, tolerant, a deep thinker and an earnest student. In his death the community has lost a man whose demise will be sincerely regretted.

Dr. Kieffer was born April 2, 1842, at Alexandria, Pa. He was the son of Rev. and Mrs. Moses Kieffer. He was a graduate of Heidelburg college, at Tiffin, Ohio, of which institute his father was president and professor of theology. He also graduated from Gambier seminary, at Gambier, Ohio, and was ordained a minister by bishops Bedell and McIlvaine, of Ohio.

His first parish was Warren, Ohio, where he officiated for ten years. From that place he went to Colorado Springs, where he served as rector of the Episcopal church of that place, for about ten years. He then came to Bradford and made this city his home up to the time of his death.

He is survived by his widow and one daughter, Mrs. Kate Moore, of New York; and one brother, Hon. George Kieffer, of Baltimore, Md.

Dr. Kieffer was a member of Union lodge, No. 324, F. & A. M., and a member of John S. Melvin Post 141, G. A. R. He was chaplain of both organizations.

Dietetic Value of Cannibalism.

A scientist, whose fame is sufficient guaranty of good faith, announces that much as we may be prejudiced against cannibalism on ethical or sentimental grounds, it is a practice of the highest value and if persisted in consistently it would result in a much better physical and mental condition of the human race. we should have been willing to take the gentleman's word for it and let it go for that, but he insists on giving us the proofs.

He has experimented on animals. He finds that dogs which eat dogs are much better off than those who feed on the funeral baked meats of other species. Cats show the same fine fettle when they have devoured sufficient numbers of their own variety to make the metabolism complete. And so on. But lest the analogy between dog-eat-dog and human cannibalism should not seem complete, the scientific gentleman has hied himself to cannibalistic communities and studied the matter at first hand. It seems that in accord with the great principle of natural selection the man-eating gentleman always select those portions of the anatomy of their victims which are at once the most delicious to the palate and the most suitable for their own physical development. This is a beautiful tribute to the theory of evolution and, we should say, confirms it entirely.

Unfortunately, the scientific sharp stops right there—just when we were waiting for the moral. If cannibalism is good for man, why should we not all turn cannibals. In these days we are too far above tradition and ancient sentiment to let anything stand in the way of the highest good of ourselves. If it is better for us that we eat our neighbor, by all means let us feast upon him and be thankful that science has discovered so much in so short a time. Unfortunately, the law of the survival of the fittest is also at work, and we must be careful to line up with the fittest or into the pot we may go, and that, of course, is enough to make us distrustful of any sort of philosophy envolved by man.

It is not a cheerful prospect, but let us be scientific in every respect or the country's done for. Shades of Malthus! Did the great economist ever stop to think that his theory would go to smash by the erection of a scientific theory in the twentieth century, which should make an all too practical use of the injunction to love our neighbors?

But until others have tried cannibalism and found it satisfactory to all concerned, we are content to eat even trust meat and, in the last resort, go on a vegetarian diet before eating our friends. Our enemies might not be edible or, if so, would surely be indigestible.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Do you want a new buckboard, a farm wagon, a one horse wagon, a second hand buggy? Come and see us.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Wanted—A competent girl for general house work. Good wages to right party. Inquire at Fry & Comes store.

Congressional Compliments.

Though the contest of Congressional honors in this District composed of Centre, Clearfield, Cameron and McKean counties, is yet nearly a year distant, says the Bellefonte Keystone Gazette, the subject in some parts has already become a matter of vital consideration; and the agitation seems to have centered in Clearfield county—in fact has practically narrowed down to the town of DuBois—where we understand three candidates reside who are trimming their sails for the contest, and who expect to enter the fight to win the nomination.

In our opinion the office of Congressman has been much misunderstood in this district. It has been treated as a compliment to the candidates, and is distributed according to the claims of the different localities represented in the district, with the result that a change is made every four years, and every time, after an incumbent was thoroughly initiated in the workings of the body and rendered capable of performing the functions of the office and be of service to the people, he was retired by force of custom to make room for another, who by virtue of his location or ability, was set in his place to begin anew to learn the routine of the office, again to be retired by custom, just about the time when his fitness for the office was made manifest by what he was able to accomplish.

In our mind this is a great mistake. In other districts where members in Congress have been allowed to succeed themselves, the people enjoy the influence of their representative in the Lower House by virtue of their accumulated strength, and as a result, they get what they want. They recognize the fact that corporations and business firms who enjoy able management would be loath to change hands every four years. In fact it would be suicidal. And the same is true in this case. The cry against the third term in Congress, where new members are practically helpless until they have time to prove their practicability and develope their strength, is a fallacy.

In this connection the Gazette would ask for a consideration of the candidacy of Captain Charles F. Barclay of Cameron county, to succeed himself; who, as every one must admit, has developed unexpected and unusual strength during his incumbency in the office. We are free to declare and challenge contradiction in the statement that he has done more for his constituents than any other man who has ever represented Centre county, irrespective of the counties which composed the district heretofore. He is not a wind-jammer—one who delights to hear himself talk to the disgust of his colleagues and the weakening of his own influence, but a quiet, earnest, active, indefatigable worker—one who recognizes the full responsibility of his office and who is incorruptible in its performance.

The fact is becoming recognized more and more every day that the office of Congressman is a losing investment when considered in a financial sense, and that it is not the place for an honest man who has not a competency ahead sufficient to make up the losses sustained without experiencing embarrassment. And there is not a man in the district who is so agreeably gifted with all the elements that make a good representative as is Captain Barclay. His tremendous business energy, backed up by good horse sense, and which, coupled with his long experience with the workingman as an employer of labor, has given him an inside knowledge of their wants which few men possess, while his acquaintance in early life with the "plain and simple annals of the poor" makes him appreciate the rights of all, and no eminence to which he may attain will render him imperious or disrespectful of those in the humbler walks of life.

We write without suggestion or consent of Captain Barclay. We do not know whether he would accept a renomination if it were tendered him. Nor is there anything personal in it, as he has never done anything for us nor have we asked him to do anything for us in the future; but we are interested in good representation in Congress—probably more so than any other office outside of the President of the United States—which, without proper support from the two Houses, would necessarily be rendered but a figure-head.

Hence we suggest that the time has about come when our people should get on to the fact that congressional compliments are expensive gifts, and that it is not good business or political sense to exchange the old and tried for the new and untried—just to gratify ambition at the expense of the public.

A new floor at small cost. A half-gallon can of Campbell's Floor Finish will make your old Floor look as good as new. This finish comes in Transparent also with stain combined, producing beautiful imitations of natural woods. J. C. Hamlin sells it.

Horse Wanted.

Wanted to buy a horse, weight 1100 pounds.

BENJ. P. OVIATT.

Buy a Lawn Swing of Holmes & Gilfillan. Best in the market.

JAS. F. ANGLUN DEAD.

Well Known Bradford Citizen Succumbs to very Brief Illness.

James F. Anglun one of the best known citizens of Bradford, died at 7:30 o'clock Saturday morning at his home, No. 91 West Corydon street. Mr. Anglun had been ill only two days. Saturday morning at 7 o'clock Mrs. Anglun had given him a glass of water and left the room for a short time. When she returned her husband was dead. The end had come peacefully, says the Star-Record.

Mr. Anglun was born in county Clare, Ireland, on July 4, 1846, and had he survived until the coming Independence day would have been 63 years of age. With his parents, Thomas and Bridget Anglun, he came to this country in 1849 and settled in Steuben county, N. Y. In 1860 he removed to Scranton, Pa., and in 1861, when but 16 years old, he enlisted in Company K, of the 17th Penn'a Volunteer Cavalry. He was twice wounded, first at the battle of Gettysburg and again at Five Forks. He was promoted to first lieutenant and had command of the detail that escorted General Sheridan from Winchester to Five Forks on the memorable ride that was made famous by Reade's thrilling poem. He was a member of General Kilpatrick's command when that warrior made his famous raid into Richmond for the purpose of liberating Union prisoners who were held in that city. Mr. Anglun served until the close of the war and was honorably discharged.

Mr. Anglun served as street commissioner during the administrations of the late Mayor George C. Fagnan and Mayor George H. Potter. At the time of his death he was state inspector of macadam highways in this district.

Mr. Anglun came to Bradford shortly after the close of the Civil war and engaged in the hotel and oil producing business. In 1888 he was elected a county commissioner and removed to Smethport. After completing his term of office he again moved to this city. Deceased was an ardent Democrat and always took an active part in political campaigns. He was a companionable man and numbered his friends by the scores.

In 1867 Mr. Anglun was united in marriage with Miss Catherine Cantavan, who survives him. Five children are also left to mourn his death. They are, John F. Anglun of San Jose, Cal., Mrs. Nellie Mallory, Miss Mary Anglun and Charles and William Anglun of this city. Deceased was a member of the Union Veteran League and Bradford lodge of Heptasophs.

The Rose Bug.

The rose bug is a common and familiar insect which attacks a great many cultivated plants, trees and bushes by devouring the foliage while in the adult stage. In regard to this pest, State Zoologist Surface says:

"It is not a bug but a beetle, as it has chewing mouth parts and eats the tissue of the leaves making them appear to be perforated with numerous holes with quite irregular edges. The larvae of this beetle live in the ground, and there transform to the pupal or resting stage and remain over winter. Deep cultivation of the soil and other plants they infest is advisable. Growers should watch for the first coming of these beetles, and jar them from the branches on sheets saturated with oil stretched on the ground, or held to catch the pests; or into a hopper-shaped cloth bug-catcher. They also can be picked by hand, or shaken from the trees, bushes or plants and sprayed with pure kerosene or exceedingly strong soap solution, while on the ground. In dealing with them in this manner the leaves and plants will not be injured by the strong spray.

"To keep the 'bugs' from attacking the small and tender grapes on the vines it is advisable to cover the bunches with paper bags as soon as possible after blossoming and setting of the fruit."

Miraculous Escape of Child.

John Panasutti, aged less than two years, had one of the most remarkable experiences Sunday morning at 10:15 o'clock a baby ever yet had and yet lives. He was run over by a railroad train and was not seriously hurt. John resides with his parents at Taylor, a small station near Ridgway, on the P., S. & N., which is better known as Brandy Camp. He took his little chair and toddled out until he reached the track, where he squatted down between the rails of a curve. Along came train No. 2, and before it could be checked the engine, baggage car and the first truck of the day coach passed over him.

The train crew jumped down expecting to find a crushed body, but instead found John sitting up between the rails and crying pitifully.

He was taken out and thoroughly examined, the only serious injury being the crushing of all the toes on the right foot. His cheeks had been skinned a little by the cinders and there was an abrasion on the temple, but except for these injuries he escaped unharmed—Kane Republican.

A COSMOPOLITE IN A CAFE.

An Incident That Proves All Men Have Patriotism.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.]

At midnight the cafe was crowded. By some chance the little table at which I sat had escaped the eye of incomers, and two vacant chairs at it extended their arms with vestal hospitality to the influx of patrons.

And then a cosmopolite sat in one of them, and I was glad, for I held a theory that since Adam no true citizen of the world has existed. We hear of them, and we see foreign labels on much luggage, but we find travelers instead of cosmopolites.

I invoke your consideration of the scene—the marble topped tables, the range of leather upholstered wall seats, the gay company, the ladies dressed in demitoilette toilets, speaking in an exquisite visible chorus of taste, economy, fashion and art; the sedulous and tireless hurrying garcons; the music wisely catering to all with its raids upon the composers. The mélange of talk and laughter and, if you will, the Wurzburger in the tall glass cones that lead to your lips as a fig cherry sways on its branch to the beak of a robber jay. I was told by a sculptor from Mount Chunk that the scene was truly Parisian.

My cosmopolite was named E. Rushmore Coglan, and he will be heard from next summer at Coney Island. He is to establish a new "attraction" there, he informed me, offering kindly diversion. And then his conversation rang along parallels of latitude and longitude. He took the planet round world in his hand, so to speak, familiarly, contemptuously, and it seemed no larger than the seed of a maraschino cherry in a table d'hote grapefruit. He spoke disrespectfully of the equator, he skipped from continent to continent, he dwarfed the zones, he mopped up the high seas with his napkin. With a wave of his hand he would speak of a certain bazaar in Bokhara. Whiff! He would have you on skees in Lapland. Zip! Now you rode the breakers with the Kanakas at Kahikahihi. Whoop! He dragged you through an Arizona post oak swamp, let you dry for a moment on the alkali plains of the Staked Plain, then whirled you for the society of Vlepnesg arelukkes. At last he would be dealing you of a card he declared to be a Chicago lake breeze, and how you knew it was deceived it in Buenos Ayres with a hot infusion of the Sahara weed. You would have addressed a letter to "E. Rushmore Coglan, Every Old Earth, Solar System, the Universe," and have mailed it, feeling confident that it would be delivered to him.

I was sure that I had found at last the one true cosmopolite since Adam, and I listened for his worldwide discourse fearful lest I should discover in it the local note of the mere globe trotter. But his optimism never faltered or drooped. He was as impartial to cities, countries and continents as the winds of gravitation.

And as E. Rushmore Coglan prattled of this little planet I thought with glee of a great almost cosmopolite who wrote for the whole world and delineated himself to Bombay. In a poem he has to say that there are pride and rivalry between the cities of the earth and that "the men that breed from them they traffic up and down, but cling to their cities' dom as a child to the mother's gown." And when over they walks by earthly streets unknown they remember their native city, "most faithful, foolish, fond, making her more breathed name their bond upon their bond." And my glee

"EXCUSE ME," SAID HE.

was roused because I had caught Mr. Kipling napping. Here I had found a man not made from dust, one who had no narrow limits of birthplace or country, one who, if he bragged at all, would brag of his whole round globe against the Martians and the inhabitants of the moon.

Expression on these subjects was precipitated from E. Rushmore Coglan by the third corner to our table. While Coglan was describing to me the topography along the Siberian railway the orchestra glided into a medley. The concluding air was "Dixie," and as the exhilarating notes tumbled forth they were almost overpowered by a great clapping of hands from almost every table.

It is worth a paragraph to say that this remarkable scene can be witnessed every evening in numerous cafes in the city of New York. Tons of brew have been consumed over theories to account for it. Some have conjectured hastily that all southerners in town hie themselves to cafes at nightfall. This applause of the "rebel" air in a northern city does puzzle a little, but it is not insolvable. The war with Spain, many years' generous mint and watermelon crops, a few long shot winners at the New Orleans race track and the brilliant banquets given by the Indiana and Kansas citizens who compose the North Carolina society have made the south rather a "fad" in Manhattan. Your manicure will lisp softly that your left forefinger reminds her so much of a gentleman's in Richmond, Va. "Oh, certainly!" But many a lady has to work now—the war, you know.

When "Dixie" was being played a dark haired young man sprang up from somewhere with a Mosby guerilla yell and waved frantically his soft brimmed hat. Then he strayed through the smoke, dropped into the vacant chair at our table and pulled out cigarettes.

The evening was at the period when reserve is thawed. One of us mentioned three Wurzburgers to the waiter. The dark haired young man acknowledged his inclusion in the order by a smile and a nod. I hastened to ask him a question because I wanted to try out a theory I had.

"Would you mind telling me," I began, "whether you are from"—

The fist of E. Rushmore Coglan banged the table, and I was jarred into silence.

"Excuse me," said he, "but that's a question I never like to hear asked. What does it matter where a man is from? Is it fair to judge a man by his postoffice address? Why, I've seen Kentuckians who hated whisky, Virginians who weren't descended from Pocahontas, Indianians who hadn't written a novel, Mexicans who didn't wear velvet trousers with silver dollars sewed along the seams, funny Englishmen, spendthrift Yankees, cold blooded southerners, narrow minded westerners and New Yorkers who were too busy to stop for an hour on the street to watch a one armed grocer's clerk do up cranberries in paper bags. Let a man be a man and don't handicap him with the label of any section."

"Pardon me," I said, "but my curiosity was not altogether an idle one. I know the south, and when the band plays 'Dixie' I like to observe. I have formed the belief that the man who applauds that air with special violence and ostensible sectional loyalty is invariably a native of either Secaucus, N. J., or the district between Murray Hill lyceum and the Harlem river, New York. I was about to put my opinion to the test by inquiring of this gentleman when you interrupted with your own—larger theory. I must confess."

And now the dark haired young man spoke to me, and it became evident that his mind also moved along its own set of grooves.

"I should like to be a periwinkle," said he mysteriously, "on the top of a valley and sing too-rallee-rallee."

This was clearly too obscure, so I turned again to Coglan.

"I've been around the world twelve times," said he. "I know an Eskimo in Upernavik who sends to Cincinnati for his neckties, and I saw a goat herder in Uruguay who won a prize in a Battle Creek breakfast food puzzle competition. I pay rent on a room in Cairo, Egypt, and another in Yokohama all the year around. I've got slippers waiting for me in a tea house in Shanghai, and I don't have to tell 'em how to cook my eggs in Rio Janeiro or Seattle. It's a mighty little world. What's the use of bragging about being from the north, or the south, or the old manor house in the dale, or Euclid avenue, Cleveland, or Pike's peak, or Fairfax county, Va., or Hooligan's flats, or any place? It'll be a better world when we quit being fools about some mildewed town or ten acres of swamp land just because we happened to be born there."

"You appear to be a genuine cosmopolite," I said admiringly. "But it also seems that you would decry patriotism."

"A relic of the stone age," declared Coglan warmly. "We are all brothers—Chinamen, Englishmen, Zulus, Patagonians and the people in the bend of the Kaw river. Some day all this petty pride in one's city or state or section or country will be wiped out and we'll all be citizens of the world, as we ought to be."

"But while you are wandering in foreign lands," I persisted, "do not your thoughts revert to—some spot—some dear and"—

"Nary a spot," interrupted E. R. Coglan flippantly. "The terrestrial, globular, planetary hunk of matter slightly flattened at the poles and known as the earth is my abode. I've met a good many object bound citizens of this country abroad. I've seen men from Chicago sit in a gondola in Venice on a moonlight night and brag about their drainage canal. I've seen a southerner on being introduced to the king of England hand that monarch, without batting his eyes, the information that his grand-aunt on his mother's side was related by marriage to the Perkinses of Charleston. I knew a New Yorker who was kidnaped for ransom by some Afghanistan bandits. His people sent over the money, and he came back to Kabul with the agent. 'Afghanistan?' the natives said to him through an interpreter. 'Well, not so slow, do you think?' 'Oh, I don't know!' says he, and he begins to tell them about a cab driver at Sixth avenue and Broadway. Those ideas don't suit me. I'm not tied down to anything that isn't 8,000 miles in diameter. Just put me down as E. Rushmore Coglan, citizen of the terrestrial sphere."

My cosmopolite made a large adieu and left me, for he thought he saw some one through the chatter and smoke whom he knew. So I was left with the would be periwinkle, who was reduced to Wurzburger without further ability to voice his aspirations to perch melodious upon the summit of a valley.

I sat reflecting upon my evident cosmopolite and wondering how the poet had managed to miss him. He was my discovery, and I believed in him. How was it? "The men that breed from them they traffic up and down, but cling to their cities' dom as a child to the mother's gown."

Not so E. Rushmore Coglan. With the whole world for his—

My meditations were interrupted by a tremendous noise and conflict in another part of the cafe. I saw above the heads of the seated patrons E. Rushmore Coglan and a stranger to me engaged in a terrific battle. They fought between the tables like Titans, and glasses crashed, and men caught their feet up and were knocked down, and a brunette screamed, and a blond began to sing "Tenting."

My cosmopolite was sustaining the pride and reputation of the earth when the waiters closed in on both combatants with their famous flying wedge formation and bore them outside, still resisting.

I called McCarthy, one of the French garcons, and asked him the cause of the conflict.

"The man with the red tie," (that was my cosmopolite), said he, "got hot on account of things said about the bum sidewalks and water supply of

MY MEDITATIONS WERE INTERRUPTED.

the place he come from by the other guy."

"Why," said I, bewildered, "that man is a citizen of the world—a cosmopolite! He"—

"Originally from Mattawamkeag, Me., he said," continued McCarthy, "and he wouldn't stand for no knockin' the place."

What He Really Said.

A gentleman calling on an M. P. one day while waiting in the reception room was attracted by the manner of the small attendant and started a random conversation.

"And how much do you earn a week, my boy," he chuckled.

"Ten pounds," said the youngster, with avidity.

Having shown into the member's private office just then, the visitor's surprise found vent in words.

"Mighty bright youth you have to be getting £10 a week," he remarked.

"Why," said the M. P., "he only gets 20 shillings."

"But he told me just now you were giving him £10 a week," persisted the gentleman.

"Nonsense!" said the M. P., and he touched the bell. "Billy," he said, "did you tell this gentleman I was paying you £10 a week?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't? Well, what did you say?"

"I said I earned it," was the prompt and stout rejoinder.—London Mail.

Arousing Her Suspicions.

The young man from the country sat looking amazedly about him at the splendid coiffures of the women and girls about the room.

"Marvelous!" he said softly to the girl next to him. "I never saw anything like it. Your hair now. Wonderful! Wonderful! The girls in the country don't grow such hair as that. I wonder why."

She put her hand quickly up to her hair, then rose suddenly. "Pardon me a minute," she implored and, crossing the room, stood by a girl friend in the light of a single candle.

"Take a look at my pompadour," she whispered, "and see if the padding shows."

"No," returned her friend when she had looked. "Why?"

"Nothing," said the girl, "only that young man from the country was so fawningly complimentary of my abundance of locks it made me suspicious."—New York Press.

Feeling His Way.

"Jenkins, do you know anything about literature?"

"No."

"Know anything about art?"

"Nothing."

"Anything about music?"

"Not a note."

"Politics?"

"Never heard of 'em! What are they—skittles?"

"Good! Come over to my room, bring a pipe and let's enjoy ourselves."—London Answers.

The Kind Husband.

At playing a quiet game of draw
He knew he was a hummer,
And through the scheme his wife never saw
When he sent her away for the summer.
—New York Telegram.

Sequence.

"June," said the sentimentalist, "is the month of weddings."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "and July is the month of discord and explosives."—Washington Star.

Why They Loaf.

When some men strike we're left in doubt
Regarding what it's all about.
But when the bakers strike we know
It means they'd like to have more dough.
—Nixon Waterman in St. Louis Republic.

The Early Risers.

"The world owes every man a living."

"Yes, but you've got to rise up at the break of day to collect it."—Atlanta Constitution.

Blonds in History.

It is certain that blond, long headed men once played a great role in history, for it was they who colonized Galatia and brought home the treasures of Greece and Italy to Toulouse, who overthrew the Roman empire in the west and won England from the Britons. It is equally certain that this physical type was once much more dominant and widely distributed than it is now and that it is tending to die out. This is especially true of that pronounced form of blonds which is distinguished by red hair. Red haired persons do not now constitute the majority in any known tribe or nation, but one authority sets forth grounds for thinking that red hair was once much more prevalent.

It must have occurred, for instance, among the Brahmans, since they were forbidden by the laws of Manu to marry red haired women. There is no doubt that blonds and red haired persons are still encountered about the Hindoo Kush, among the tribes from whom the Brahmans are supposed to have been immigrants. But obedience to the law mentioned would in the course of time annihilate the tendency to their reproduction.—Westminster Gazette.

Where Poverty Was Criminal.

In Peru at the period of the Incas, before its conquest by the Spaniards in the early part of the sixteenth century, poverty was counted a crime. The whole territory was divided into three portions, and the respective revenues and resources were given (1) to support the priesthood and ceremonial worship of the sun, who was their god; (2) to the reigning Inca for the expenses of the royal household and the cost of government; (3) to the people at so much a head. The extent of land apportioned to each householder was regulated by the size of his family. This action of workers wrought as one man for the common good. Their simple wants were easily and entirely satisfied, no one was overworked, and thus they lived a happy and contented life, with frequent holidays and festivals. Under a social system so well organized that no man could be poor unless he were incorrigibly idle we cannot wonder that those who did fall into poverty and want through sheer indolence were regarded as deliberate criminals and were even allowed to starve.

Getting at the Facts.

Directory Canvasser—What is your husband's occupation?

Mrs. O'Hoodlum—Sure an' it's a shovel engineer on a railroad he be.

Directory Canvasser—You mean a civil engineer, don't you?

Mrs. O'Hoodlum—Faith, an' yez may be roight, sor. He's civil enough, O'im willin' to think, but sometimes he shovels th' coal into th' engine.—Chicago News.

Summer.

Now appears the "theater" and the bill.
If he should throat it in you, take a pill.
The scientist affirms that the creature's
full of germs.
So when he bumps against you some must
spill.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Casual Comment.

"You think that's peach basket hat improves her appearance?" said one girl.

"Yes," answered the other. "It is so large it almost hides her face."—Town Topics.

A BEAR STORY.

The Picture the Amateur Photographer Did Not Wait to Get.

The best bear story I ever heard, states a writer in Recreation, was told me by an amateur prospector, who might have stepped out of a comic weekly. He had made a big trip in the Siskiyous with no weapon save a nickel plated miner's pick.

"Have you seen much game?" I asked.

"None at all," he replied in his dry falsetto.

"No bear!" I exclaimed, knowing he had come right through Bear Camp.

"Oh, yes," he returned, "quite so. Now that you mention it I dare say that is what it was. Didn't occur to me, you know. I was so very angry, don't you see, I took no pains to identify the brute."

"Why, what did he do to you?"

"What did he do? Why, nothing, of course. You see, the little beggar ran and climbed up a stump. And he wouldn't come down so I could obtain a decent photograph of him. Sat up there half a day, fifty feet from the ground. Then his legs got tired holding on, I imagine, for he started in to squeal. And do you know, the brute must have given me away, for pretty soon his mother, I suppose it was, came harrying up, and I had to clear out. Four times as big as he, she was, I assure you."

"Did you run?" I asked, laughing.

"Oh, not at all; not at all," said he. "But still I thought it best not to remain." He paused and stroked his stubbly chin reflectively.

"By Jove," said he finally, "how very interesting! I should have thought to photograph the old one. She looked quite savage, don't you know."

"Such a picture would have been unique, to say the least," I replied.

"Quite so," said he.

Why She Was Right.

Haydn had a peculiar way of determining the time in which a piece of music should be sung. On one occasion a female singer in high esteem at court had been appointed to sing one of Haydn's compositions. At the rehearsal she and the conductor differed as to the time of the music. The matter was to be settled by referring it to Haydn himself. When called on to decide he asked the conductor if the singer was handsome.

"Very," was the reply, "and a special favorite with the prince."

"Then she is right," replied Haydn.

Occasionally.

"You must try to love your papa," said the visitor, "as much as he loves you."

"Oh, I love him more!" replied Tommy.

"Indeed? I wasn't your papa love you very much?"

"Not much. He says he loves me only when I'm good." Exchange.

Classified.

"Pa, is a lawyer a lawyer?"

"I suppose so, my son, all that."

"Well, what kind of a land is a island, pa?"

"Here, sir! Now run away to bed." Boston Transcript.

Perhaps what has passed for perseverance is much grander than never to have a sickly germ of growth to be called a failure.—George Eliot.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 1, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—"Ten Nights in a Barroom" Saturday.

—See what J. C. Hamlin has to say in this issue.

—The fire in the Pennsylvania Window Glass works at Kane went out last Friday.

—The County Commissioners of Elk County offer a reward of $300.00 for the arrest and conviction of Oscario Mattia or the murderer of Dominick Rossi, who was murdered at Ridgway, Elk County, Pa., on Thursday, June 17, 1909.

—Read the advertisement of the "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" Co., in another column of this issue. This company will give a performance here Saturday night. A large company of players and a first class band makes this one of the best shows of its kind on the road.

—At an early hour Thursday morning, robbers were discovered in the meat market of J. Brown, at Eldred. An alarm was given, but the men escaped. The same night, robberies were committed in Prentiss Vale and at State Line. It is supposed that the same men were guilty of the three jobs.

—In the failure of the Palmer Window glass factory many creditors will be heavy losers. Smethport people are heavy creditors but we understand all are protected from loss. The schedule in bankruptcy has been filed and the creditors, who are many, will loose over $100,000. This is one of the biggest failures in the history of Potter county.

—Samuel Wright Panconst, 89 years old, one of the best known bottle manufacturers in the country, died here Saturday night. He had been identified with the glass industry in New York and Pennsylvania for half a century, says an Olean dispatch, dated June 28. The deceased was the father of T. H. Panconst, who managed the Hains Flint Bottle factory here a few years ago, and who has many friends here who sympathize with him in his bereavement.

—There is a state law in Pennsylvania that prohibits the sale of toy pistols, but many boys in this place have them nevertheless. A local case of lockjaw from these dangerous caps might bring our officers to a sense of their duty.

—Fred Tyler of Roulette is in trouble with his Uncle Sam for smashing a few rural route mail boxes. Tyler blames it onto whiskey, but he refuses to divulge the names of those who furnished the whiskey. He'll probably learn something before he gets the matter settled.—Austin Autograph.

—Many county treasurers throughout the state are calling attention to a provision in the mercantile law that requires all merchants subject to the law to have in front of their places of business a sign with the owner, owners and company, and describing the business conducted. The fine for failure to comply with this law is $10, and treasurers are giving this notice in order that all may have fair warning before the law is enforced.

—Mrs. John Sedoris of Green City, near Butler, Pa., considered one of the most beautiful women in Western Pennsylvania, was probably disfigured for life last Thursday morning by a tramp who, upon being refused bread, threw carbolic acid in her face. The woman was baking bread when the tramp approached the husband of Mrs. Sedoris and asked for some bread. Being told there was none in the house he left the back door, but instead of leaving the premises the tramp hid among the thick bushes. When Mrs. Sedoris went to the barn to see her husband she was seized by the tramp who jumped out of the bushes and caught her by the throat. The tramp then gagged the woman and threw the contents of a bottle of carbolic acid into her face, horribly disfiguring her.

Sometimes you may be told that there are other things just as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. That isn't so. Nothing made is as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills for any ailments of the kidney or bladder which always result in weak back, backache, rheumatic pains, rheumatism and urinary disorders. A trial of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills is sufficient to convince you how good they are. Send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, for a free trial box. They are sold here by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

CHARMS OF UGLY MEN

Case of John Wilkes, the Famous London Alderman.

HE WEDDED A NOTED BEAUTY

And He Was So Homely That His Looks Frightened the Children in the Streets—Bailly, With a Face Like a Horse, Won a Famous French Beauty.

There was perhaps as much truth as boasting in the statement of John Wilkes, the famous London alderman and champion of British electors. "Ugly as I am, if I can have but a quarter of an hour's start I will get the better of any man, however good looking, in the graces of any woman."

Of Wilkes' abnormal ugliness there was never a question, for is it not recorded that the "very children in the street ran away affrighted at the sight of him?" And yet his powers of fascination were so great that "ladies" of beauty and fashion vied with each other for his notice, while men, of handsome exterior, and all courtly graces looked enviously on.".

There were, it is said, few beauties of the day whose hand Wilkes might not have confidently hoped to win, and when he led Mary Mead to the altar he made a wife of one of the richest and most lovely women of her time. "'Beauty and the Beast' they call us," Wilkes once said to his friend Patter, "and I cannot honestly find fault with the description."

Jean Paul Marat, whose name will always be associated with the evil history of the French revolution, was notoriously the ugliest man of his day in Paris. When this reputation reached his ears Marat is said to have remarked, "But why limit my supremacy to Paris?" And indeed the gratification was much too modest.

And yet in his earlier years, when he was the most popular of court doctors, his very ugliness seemed to exercise such a fascination over aristocratic ladies that they crowded his consulting rooms in order to catch a glimpse of and to exchange words with him under the flimsiest pretexts of imaginary ailments. The studied indifference with which he treated alike their charms and their flattery only made them the more insistent until he declared to a friend that he would have to fly from Paris to escape the persecution of his fair admirers.

Bailly, mayor of Paris at the time of the reign of terror, is said to have had a face almost exactly like that of a horse. His appearance was, in fact, so abnormal, so monstrous, that children shrieked and women fainted at the very sight of him, and yet his wife was one of the most lovely women in the whole of France, so lovely that as a girl she was known as "the beautiful angel."

That there is a powerful fascination for some women in extreme ugliness is proved by innumerable cases in which women who have been richly dowered with physical charms have fallen madly in love with men of almost repulsive appearance.

A London paper records a remarkable case of this kind in 1817, when Lady Mary X, married Mr. Mudford, a London attorney.

Lady Mary was a girl of peerless charms, the most beautiful of all the court ladies and the favorite toast of the world of aristocrats. She might—for her birth and fortune were almost equal to her beauty—have chosen her husband from among dukes, and even more than one royal prince sought her hand in vain.

To the consternation of society she married Mr. Mudford, not only "a pettifogging attorney," but a man of almost unnatural ugliness of face and with a deformed hand and foot. Singular, too, as it may appear, her married life was one of unclouded happiness and to her dying day, nearly forty years later, she never seemed to have a moment's regret for her choice of a husband.

Still more remarkable was the story told of a most beautiful heiress with an attachment for one of the freaks of a traveling show, and she persisted in marrying him in spite of all the efforts of her friends and relations. This singular object of her affections masqueraded under the title of "the man monkey, or the ugliest man in the world," and he had an excellent claim to the title.—Exchange.

An Awkward Text.

A butcher of a certain village, being a devout Christian, whenever he sent a business note invariably accompanied it with a text.

A certain lady, wishing him to kill some of her pigs, sent him a letter to notify him of the fact, to which he sent the following reply:

"Dear Madam—I will call on Friday to kill your hogs without fail. Yours, Mr. B. N. B.—'Be ye also ready.'"—London Graphic.

He Had Noticed.

Father (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at the table)—Well, John, you see, when I have finished eating I always leave the table. John—Yes, sir, and that is about all you do leave.—London Mail.

Sure!

"De man dat don't do nuffin' but look out for No. 1," said Uncle Eben, "is purty sure sooner or later to attract attention to hisse'f as about de smallest figger in de 'rithmetic."—Washington Star.

The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy.—Ruskin.

Sewer Gas Test.

Here is a test for the detection in an apartment of sewer gas: Saturate unglazed paper with a solution of one troy ounce of pure acetate of lead in eight fluid ounces of rainwater. Let it partially dry, then expose in the room suspected of containing sewer gas. The presence of gas in any considerable quantity soon blackens the test paper.

THE GHOST AT THE FEAST.

What the Ensign Saw and What Happened After Dinner.

In "The Story of My Life," by Mr. Augustus Hare, is told the following creepy story:

A regiment was passing through Derbyshire on its way to fresh quarters in the north. The colonel, as they stayed for the night in one of the country towns, was invited to dine at a country house in the neighborhood and to bring any one he liked with him. Consequently he took with him a young ensign for whom he had a great fancy. They arrived, and it was a large party, but the lady of the house did not appear till just as they were going in to dinner and when she appeared was so strangely distrait and preoccupied that she scarcely attended to anything that was said to her.

At dinner the colonel observed that his young companion, scarcely ever took his eyes off the lady of the house, staring at her in a way which seemed at once rude and unaccountable. It made him observe the lady herself, and he saw that she seemed scarcely to attend to anything said by her neighbors on either side of her, but rather seemed, in a manner quite unaccountable, to be listening to some one or something behind her.

As soon as dinner was over the young ensign came to the colonel and said: "Oh, do take me away! I entreat you to take me away from this place!"

The colonel said: "Indeed, your conduct is so very extraordinary and unpleasant that I quite agree with you that the best thing we can do is to go away." And he made the excuse of his young friend being ill and ordered their carriage.

When they had driven some distance the colonel asked the ensign for an explanation of his conduct. He said that he could not help it. During the whole of dinner he had seen a terrible black, shadowy figure standing behind the chair of the lady of the house, and it had seemed to whisper to her and she to listen to it. He had scarcely told this when a man on horseback rode rapidly past the carriage, and the colonel, recognizing one of the servants of the house they had just left, called out to know if anything was the matter.

"Oh, don't stop me, sir!" he shouted; "I am going for the doctor! My lady has just cut her throat!"

HIS HOLLOW KEY.

He Lent It, but Had Occasion to Crave Its Return.

"They hiss in the French theaters with the help of a hollow key," related Richard Harding Davis. "Paul Bourget once told me an odd incident upon this occasion.

"A playwright—call him Duval—had the unhappiness one fine night to sit through a most successful production of his latest play. The house responded with jeers and hisses, and a young man, turning to Duval, said:

"'My dear fellow, how I'd want this miserable piece if I only had a hollow key!'

"'My dear boy,' said Duval, 'I am happy to be able to accommodate you.'

"And he handed a hollow key to the young man, who at once set up a fierce and continuous hissing. Just then a critic appeared.

"'Duval,' he said to the playwright, 'I am sorry for you. Poor fellow, you don't deserve this.'

"The young man with the key looked amazed and ashamed.

"'What! Are you M. Duval? I beg your pardon a thousand times,' he cried.

"'You owe me no apology,' said Duval. 'Lunch with me tomorrow.'

"The young man accepted the invitation, and at the end of the luncheon next day, when the coffee and cigarettes were brought in, he drew a bulky manuscript from his pocket and begged leave to read a comedy to M Duval, for he was a playwright too.

"Duval consented and listened attentively to the reading. At the end the young man said:

"'Well, monsieur, what do you think of it?'

"Duval smiled as he replied:

"'Could you oblige me by returning my hollow key?'"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Coloring of the Clouds.

The gorgeous coloring of the clouds, especially those of sunset, is due to the circumstance that the yellow and red rays of light have a much greater penetrative momentum than the blue. They make their way through stretches of the atmosphere which entirely arrest and turn back the blue, and they do this the more markedly if the air is at the time laden with extraneous particles that augment the aerial opacity.—New York American.

A Hairbreadth Escape.

A certain comedian is bald except for a rim of hair a few inches above his collar line.

"I'm in an awful hurry," he said one day to the Lambs club barber. "Can you cut my hair with my collar on?"

"Sure," replied the barber, "I can cut it with your hat on."—Success Magazine.

Poetic License.

Sporting Editor—Just what do you understand by the term "poetic license?" Literary Editor—Broadly speaking, it is that singular provision in the constitution of the universe under which poets are permitted to exist.—Chicago Tribune.

Proposals.

"Has he proposed yet?"

"Not in so many words."

"That's no answer. Proposals never do come in words. They consist of sighs, hems, haws and gurgles."—Cleveland Leader.

Why Musicians "Tune Up" In Public.

Some people have been puzzled to understand why musicians tune up their instruments in public and not before they enter the orchestra. If they attended to them before entering the theater or concert room they might find the temperature different in the place of performance, and the instruments would not be in tune.

PATTI'S EARNINGS.

The Shrewd Financial Methods of the Musical Miracle.

Adelina Patti never suffered from the financial timidity of a Jenny Lind. Not only was she a supreme vocalist; but, as Colonel Mapleson remarked, "no one ever approached her in the art of obtaining from a manager the greatest possible sum he could by any possibility contrive to pay." But the musical miracle was the spoiled darling of her day, and she never failed to obtain exactly what she wanted. She was first engaged in London in 1861 by Mapleson to sing four nights "on approval" and in case of success to obtain £40 a week. This contract was not fulfilled, however, for, being hard pressed financially, she had borrowed £50 from a rival manager, and her receipt proved practically a contract. This was the beginning of a career so dazzling that its successive steps are simply a series of increasing banknotes. In 1872 she obtained in London 200 guineas a night, since she insisted on having more than Christine Nilsson, who was receiving £200. She sang twice a week. Ten years later she was given $5,000 a night! Her famous contract to sing in America provided that the money should be paid her at 2 o'clock on the day she sang; also a drawing room and sleeping car to be especially built for her, with conservatory, fernery, etc. Further, there was to be deposited to her credit $50,000 for payment of the last ten performances—Patti's favorite device. She thus received about twenty times what Mario and Grist got.

Her private car incidentally cost $60,000 and contained a silver bath and gold keys to the doors, to say nothing of a $2,000 piano. Patti gave to the manager only her sylve and her costumes. Her drawing capacity justified this. "Lucia," as an example, was sung to an average of $14,000. "Traviata" drew more, since she sang more notes. It was a frequent occurrence among the poorer music lovers to buy a club ticket and each take turns at hearing her for twenty minutes. If one overstayed his time he paid for the entire ticket. Some mathematicians computed by dividing the number of notes sung by the sum paid that in "Semiramide" Patti received 12½ cents for each note. This was found to be just 7 1-10 cents a note more than Rossini got for writing the whole opera.—George Middleton in Bookman.

Her Mind Wasn't Vacant.

A Sunday school teacher who had a prominent chin, long and peculiarly projecting, was trying to interest a class of girls one Sabbath in the lesson. All were mischievous and restless except Mary, who sat at the end of the class and apparently gave the utmost attention to every word. The teacher was delighted. At the close of the recitation, thinking that she would rebuke the naughty girls for their want of attention and lack of interest by stating that she would now ask Mary to name some of the points brought out in this lesson, she was shocked by Mary's suddenly and unexpectedly answering: "Oh, Miss Lizzie, I really did not hear a single word you said! I was wondering how you could talk so much without moving your lower jaw."—Delineator.

Verse.

Say,
Why
Is it
That verse
Writ thus,
Void of all wit,
Unhumorous,
Is thought to be
Funny? By gee!
Despite my plaint
Maybe
It ain't.
See?

—New York Mail.

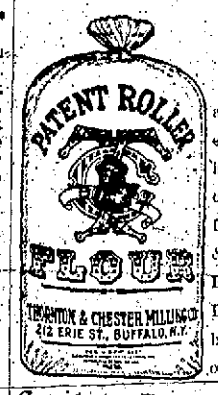
What's In a Name.

The Master—What's this, John?

Gardener—It's a breadfruit tree, sir.

The Master—It is a curious plant. Well, we'd better not let the baker know about it. It might annoy him. And of course we shall have to deal with him occasionally, especially when we have visitors.—Punch.

Tastes Like More



That's what all our customers say who have eaten cakes make from Thornton & Chester's Best Flour. Don't forget, by the way, our

Good to Eat Groceries

Worth buying, because worth having. Unlike the fairest rose which withers at last, our Groceries are always fresh. Give them a trial.

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

Anderson & Carlson.

Since the fire we have moved into the building vacated by the Union Telephone Co., between Wells' Drug Store and Brennan's Grocery where we will be pleased to see our old customers as well as new ones.

At present our stock is small but we are getting in new goods as fast as possible and we will make every effort to please you.

We are ready to do all kinds of repair work. Give us a call.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday July 1, 1909.

A DISPATCH from Rome states that 80,000 bodies have been removed from the ruins of Messina, the earthquake stricken city.

LEON LIMU, the Chinaman accused of murdering Elsie Seigel, is still at large and the chances of his being captured is very slight, although the police claim he cannot escape them.

MAYOR MAGEE of Pittsburg, has brought about a settlement of what threatened to be one of the worst strikes in the history of street railways. He gave notice that the municipality would seize the railroad and run it under police protection, if the strike was not quickly brought to an end, and as the street railway owners full realized that he meant what he said, they concluded to make terms with the men in their service. The Mayor and citizens of Pittsburg are to be congratulated on the prompt manner in which the trouble has been terminated.

STATE SENATOR ISRAEL W. DURHAM, one of the most powerful as well as most popular political leaders who ever held sway in Philadelphia, died suddenly of heart disease at his summer home in Atlantic City, Monday afternoon. Mr. Durham, whose health had been poor several years, was convalescing from an acute attack of grip contracted at Harrisburg last winter during the session of the legislature. Death came almost immediately after he had eaten luncheon. He was seated at the table with his sister, Mrs. Philip H. Johnson, who had been his devoted attendant since he first became ill about five years ago. As he arose he pitched forward and fell into his sister's arms. He was unconscious and a doctor, who was hastily summoned, said that death caused almost immediately, heart disease being the probable cause.

Senator Durham, in an effort to regain his health, made several trips to Europe, but he never got back to the rugged condition of his early life, and he became a semi-invalid. He was the undisputed head of the Republican organization in Philadelphia from 1896 to 1906, but he gradually relinquished the reins of leadership, his friend and business associate, James P. McNichol, becoming his successor.

"Is" Durham as he was familiarly known, was liked by all classes. He was 53 years old and rose to almost national political prominence from the ranks. He learned the trade of bricklayer and served in politics, as division worker, then ward leader and next as city leader. He was a follower of the late Senator Quay and owed much to the friendship of that astute politician. United States Senator Boies Penrose was a friend and neighbor of Mr. Durham and acknowledged his debt of gratitude to the man who fought many winning political battles in his interest.

Recently Mr. Durham purchased a large interest in the Philadelphia National League base ball club.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The corporation tax amendment has at last been reported to the Senate by Senator Aldrich, and the present outlook is that it will be impossible to begin consideration of this amendment until Wednesday next at the earliest. A wholly erroneous impression has gained some credence and that is that there is some danger of the amendment being killed in conference, or possibly of being rejected by the House. As a matter of fact the Senate conferees are pledged to the President to preserve the measure in conference, and so, too, are Speaker Cannon and Representative Payne, who will be chairman of the House conferees. All of the House leaders are committed to the President's proposition and it is their intentions to bring in a rule which will send the tariff bill, including as it will the corporation tax amendment, to conference with extremely little debate. Representative Dwight, the Republican whip, has assured the President that the leaders control abundant votes to adopt such a rule and carry out the proposed program. However, a very interesting report was going the rounds in inner circles at the Senate yesterday to the effect that one or two of the most radical Republican insurgents in the Senate who have been unsuccessful in securing the adoption of their views by that body, are endeavoring to organize an insurrection in the House and that they have secured already the signatures of seventeen Republican members pledging themselves to do all in their power to kill the entire tariff bill, and further, that they have in sight the remaining twelve Republican Representatives whose votes would be necessary to destroy the work of the special session, assuming of course that the Democrats would vote solidly against the bill. Whether or not the Speaker and Representative Dwight were cognizant of this rumor when they assured the President of their complete control of a majority of the House, is not known, but sufficient credence was given the report to set the leaders to counting noses. The Senate leaders insisted that Mr. Cannon will be able to control the situation in the House and that a sufficient number of Democrats are interested in the tariff bill to prevent its defeat, even though some Republicans turn against it.

Second only to the interest in the corporation tax is that taken in the Wright aeroplane, flights of which are to be at Fort Myers in a short time. The machine to be used in these test flights is a little shorter but the propellers are identical with those used last year. The precautions taken against a similar accident to that which killed Lieut. Selfridge and severely injured Wright consist simply in bracing the propeller more firmly. The brothers decided, after thoroughly going over the wreck of the old machine, that the accident happened through the propellers themselves working loose and getting in the way of the wires supporting the rudder. With the new framework in which the propellers are set, it will be practically impossible for this to happen.

The passage of the bill appropriating $10,000,000, for taking the thirteenth census has prevented the closing of the Census Office on Wednesday next because of lack of funds. It assures, also, that the thirteenth census will start on schedule time, whether or not the House passes the measure now in conference governing the administration of the Census. If it is not agreed to by both houses, the census will be taken under the existing law, which provides for non-competitive examinations and is bitterly opposed by all Civil Service advocates, being similar to that vetoed by President Roosevelt.

The medical officers of the army are working diligently to have special instruction given to surgeons attached to the militia organizations this summer. The occasion will be the first opportunity members of the militia medical corps have had to observe a field hospital. There will be three such hospitals this summer at Sparta, Wis., Antietam, Md., and near San Francisco, respectively. Regular medical officers will act as lecturers and explain the field medical equipment adopted for the protection of the health of the soldiers on the march and in camp. The demonstration is destined to be of great value to the militia medical officers in connection with their likelihood of being called on for service with troops in the field in time of war. The surgeon general of the army has authorized contracts for the material which will be needed, and for additional supplies and apparatus that may be kept in stock, subject to call in the event of emergency.

Naval medical officers have been engaged in important investigations among the members of the fire room force on ships of war in an effort to ascertain the cause of what is known as heat exhaustion, various reports from naval surgeons have been received on the subject and there is hope that a remedy will be discovered.

We do not know of any other pill that is as good as DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills—small, gentle, pleasant and sure pills with a reputation. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Here is a Good Opening For A Live Man.

We offer for sale the Goodman opera house in Friendship, N. Y. Lot about 80x100 feet. Building in fine repair and will seat 700 people. Fire proof curtain and fixtures, all in good condition. For election purposes and offices in the building the present rent is $200 a year, exclusive of the opera house, which pays nice returns. This is a splendid opportunity for a man who wants to establish a good moving picture business, as there is no enterprise of this kind in Friendship, a live town of over 3,000 population with a splendid tributary country. To close an estate we offer this property for only $3,500. Terms $1,700 cash, payments for balance.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.

Cement Walks

I am prepared to build cement or concrete walks in Smethport for

12c per Square Foot

Pure crushed rock sand and the best of cement used in construction. All material and work guaranteed to be first-class.

A. E. HACKETT, Smethport

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS

Lath and Shingles

General Planing Mill Work

H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

$10.60 from SMETHPORT

—TO—

Atlantic City,

Cape May,

Wildwood, Sea Isle City or Ocean City

Anglesea, Holly Beach or Avalon, N. J.

July 9, 23, August 6, 24, September 3, 1909

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 10:18 a. m. and 4:58 p. m. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days. Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE!

FOR 21 DAYS,

Of Clothing of all kinds, and Gents' furnishing goods and shoes of all kinds.

This Sale begins JUNE 19th; continues until JULY 13th

I have been overstocked with all kinds of merchandise—more than is necessary to keep for the town, and I will sell this merchandise for 60 cents on a dollar to dispose of the goods. I want the money to invest in something else. Here you are!

125 Men's Suits, well made, of Cashmere and Worsted, that were from $7.50 and $8.50, at this sale only $4.65 per suit. 100 Men's Suits of Fancy Worsteds in all colors, the best made, that were from $10.50 to $12.50, at this sale only $7.48. 150 Men's Suits of all wool worsted in all colors, tailor-made, that were from $13.50 to $16.00, at this sale only $9.75 per suit. 90 Men's Suits, in all wool Black Thibet and all wool Blue Serge and Imported Brandeloth that were from $17 to $18, at this sale only $9.65 per suit. 80 Youths' suits, size 15 to 20, in all colors, that were from $8 to $9, at this sale only $4.98. 150 Boys' suits, size 9 to 16, all colors, that were from $2.50 to $3.50, at this sale only $1.25 and $1.50 per suit. 250 Boys' suits that were from $3.75 to $5.00, at this sale only $2.25 and $2.65 per suit. 300 pair Men's best working pants that were from $1.25 to $1.35, at this sale only 69 cents per pair. 300 pair Men's pants in Cashmere, fancy Worsted, that were from $2.25 to $2.75, at this sale only, goes $1.65 and $1.95 per pair. 275 pair pants of all wool Cashmere and all wool Worsted, that were from $4.50 to $5.50, at this sale only $2.98 and $3.98 per pair. 75 dozen best Men's working shirts in all colors, that were from 50 to 60 cents, at this sale only 39 cents each. 150 dozen Men's fine dress shirts with or without the collars, that were from 50c to $1.00, at this sale only 37 cents each. 100 dozen Men's fine all silk neckties in all styles and colors that were from 25 to 50 cents, at this sale only 19 cents each. 75 dozen Men's fine dress hose in black and brown that were from 18 to 20 cents per pair, at this sale only 9 cents per pair or 3 for 25 cents. All shoes in Men's, Ladies', Boys', Youths' and Children's, 33 per cent less than the regular price. Hats and caps will be sold at very low prices. These goods are all new goods and the latest and up-to-date.

NOTICE:—Don't forget this sale commences the 19th day of JUNE and lasts until JULY 13th, 1909. You have no idea how much merchandise you will get for little money. Thanking you for past favors, I remain,

Yours truly,

MAX SCHOOLAR, Proprietor,

Main Street, Reilly Block, Opposite Commercial House,

SMETHPORT, - - PENNA.

WAVERLY

30 Years Experience in the manufacture of Gasoline means much to the motorist. In the use of

Waverly Brands

76°—Motor—Stove—

you are guaranteed the greatest possible efficiency—instantaneous, powerful, clean explosion—freedom from carbon deposits on spark plugs or in cylinders—ready ignition. Your dealer will supply you.

Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Refiners
Pittsburg, - Pa.

GASOLINE

Chas. M. Provin

has rented the shop in the rear of Armstrong's drug store and is prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING, BLACKSMITHING and WOODWORK

A share of your patronage is solicited.

Chas. M. Provin

DeWITT'S CARBOLIZED WITCH HAZEL SALVE For Piles, Burns, Sores.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

FARMERS,

Look out for BUGS and BLIGHT!

Paris Green,
Bluestone,
Helebore,

and everything in the Druggists' line fresh and now at the

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

LADIES' OXFORDS

—IN—

Russia Calf

Tan Vici

and

Pat. Colt.

—Is the Bill at

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE

FOR THIS WEEK

The Big Show Coming

Frank E. Griswold's Mammoth Railroad Pavilion

Ten Nights in a Bar-Room Co.

40 PEOPLE! 40 PEOPLE!

Under a Big Water-proof Tent, fitted up in Grand Opera-House Style.

—Will Exhibit at—

SMETHPORT

Saturday, July 3rd

8 P. M.

This Company carries 40 people. A car-load of all Special Scenery, with Calcium and colored fire effects. One of the best bands—a superb Orchestra of ten pieces, and a Megaphone Quartette. The only Company traveling that makes a specialty of this Grand Old Temperance Play, and has no connection with any other attractions. Nothing cheap but the prices.

Admission 15 and 25 cts.

COME AND BRING THE WHOLE FAMILY.

Prof. E. D. Hayworth's Military Band will give to popular Concerts, at noon and 7 p. m.

Don't fail to hear "LITTLE HAZEL," the child actress as "Mary Morgan." She has no equal.

Remember the Date

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of Hamlin Bank & Trust Co., SMETHPORT, PA., at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.

Banking House	$ 19,694.71
Bonds	187,418.90
Loans	570,689.87
Cash	22,681.21
Due from Banks	88,514.47
	$888,844.16

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.38
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,844.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

Mrs. May Chadwick, Artist,

Has opened a studio in the Backus Block, opposite Court House, and is prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter.

Give me a call.

Mrs. May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

EDGAR W. STRONG

When you think of

STOVES

think of

STRONG'S

I have the most complete line of Heating Stoves ever seen at one time in the town. All sizes and prices—a dozen kinds to select from. Prices are warranted to be right. Come early and get your pick.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

Farm For Sale 7,000 Profit-Paying Farms in 14 States. Strout's New Monthly Bulletin of Real Bargains, profusely illustrated, mailed free; we pay your R. R. fare. E. A. STROUT CO., Book C 1, World's Largest Farm Dealers. Land Title Bldg., Phila.

The Lindhom Company

Ask You to enjoy a sane Fourth of July.

——Buy a——

PALMER HAMMOCK

and enjoy the Fourth in a shady nook. The best investment you can make. Priced so you can't help but buy one.

$1.00 to $10.00

And bright new patterns. See them in our window.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

DALY & GARLICK

USE LESSERS

COW COMFORT

AND GET MORE MILK

GOOD FOR FLIES AND LICE ON ANY ANIMAL.

For sale

——at——

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 1, 1909

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Wellsboro is to have its Main street paved this year.

—Notice the change in advertisement of Dr. F. C. Pierce.

—Hear the band with the "Ten Nights in a Barroom" Co., Saturday night.

—The Kane Republican is undergoing extensive repairs at the present time.

—It is about time to start haying. The hay crop this year promises to be very good.

—The advertisement of Daly & Garlick should be read by every one of our readers.

—The weather from Thursday until Tuesday morning was about the hottest on record for June.

—The fire in the Berney-Bond Bottle factory went out last night at midnight for the summer vacation.

—The fourth annual reunion of the Beckwith family will be held at Riverhurst, N. Y., on August 4th.

—Services at St. Luke's church, Holy Communion at 10:30 a. m. with sermon. Evening prayer and sermon at 8 p. m.

—It is said that the well recently drilled on Pierce brook will be a fair pumper and that other wells will probably be drilled.

—A number of young people composed of the gradnates of the class of 1909 and invited friends enjoyed a picnic at Burbanks' crossing yesterday.

—Mrs. W. A. Grinard, who was recently injured in an automobile wreck near Olean, mention of which was made in our last issue, is on the road to rapid recovery.

—The "Ten Nights in a Barroom" Co., which shows here under canvas Saturday night is said to carry first class people and give an excellent performance. Everyone should see this temperance performance.

—Sandford L. Fry returned home from Buffalo last Saturday in his new 1909 Rambler automobile. This is a beautiful car and Mr. Fry can well feel proud of it. The writer enjoyed a ride to Mt. Jewett with M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany, agent for the Rambler, a short time ago and they are as easy a riding car as one could ask for.

—The dates for the McKean County Fair and Races have been set for Sept. 21, 22, 23 and 24. Now everybody should get busy and get ready for the biggest and best fair ever held in this county.

—The Matson Oil Co. in Oklahoma has been sold recently to an Eastern syndicate for $1,250,000. The sale is simply a transfer of stock and the business will be continued under the old name. Of this $800,000 goes to the heirs of the late Myron Matson and other Bradford parties.

—James Loghry of Coudersport, and Steve Walker seems to have a job on their hands, in relation to the attempt to burn Loghry's liquor store down at Athens, Pa. It appears to be a clear case of arson, as the hay and kerosene oil was mixed in the barn, and distributed around the store for fire purposes. Loghry was in Coudersport at the time. —Austin Autograph.

—John L. White of Galeton received a letter last week demanding that $500 be placed in an old shoe in a wagon by Gates barn or one of his children would be taken away by order of the Black Hand. Mr. White set a trap for the alleged Black Handers by making a bluff at placing the money as required and having the place watched but nothing developed and no attempt has been made to steal the child.

—On the last page of this issue will be found the big advertisement of Rubin's Shoe Store announcing a going out of business sale. They have a large stock of goods which will be sold at very low prices owing to the fact that they are going to dispose of their entire stock of goods and go out of the shoe business. Here is an excellent opportunity to purchase high class footwear at bargains prices.

—The well of the Test Oil Company on the M. S. Comes farm about three miles southwest of town was drilled in on Tuesday and is creating considerable excitement among oil and gas operators. The well showes upward of 200,000 feet of gas and there is also a strong showing of oil. Oil men seem to be of the opinion that when this well is shot it will be a fairly good oil producer.

—Samuel E. Bell, president of the Bell Oil and Gas Co., returned home on Monday from the field at Cody, Wyoming, where he has been for the past five months. Mr. Bell is very enthusiastic over the future of this oil field and is confident that within a short time it will be the greatest field in the United States. He says that the new refinery in that district is completed and that in a short time pipe lines will be in readiness to market the oil. Mr. Bell is also much improved in health having gained over twenty pounds since he left here in January.

—Caroline Goodwin died at her sister's home, Mrs. C. H. Moore, in Indiana, Pa., Tuesday, June 29. She was born in Burdell, N. Y., Feb. 5, 1843. She spent most of her life in Farmers Valley with her parents. She has been sick for three months with Bright's Disease when Dropsy set in causing her death. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Crawford, Presbyterian minister, Wednesday evening at the Hotel Moore. Burial at Farmers Valley.

—A very quiet and pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. W. P. McCoy, near Rock City, on June 24th at 6 o'clock, when Mr. James McCandless and Miss Grace McCoy were united in marriage by Rev. E. N. Turner. Mr. and Mrs. McCandless are very highly esteemed in the vicinity in which they live, and they start out in life with bright prospects. May their anticipations be realized in their lives. Their friends unite in wishing them peace and prosperity.

—The re-union and ceremonial held at Coudersport last Friday by Jaffa Temple A. A. O. N. Mystic Shrines of Altoona, Pa., was one of the greatest social events ever held in that place. Upward of fifty novices hung on to the rope and traversed the hot sands to the Mystic Shrines when camel's milk was served to recusitate the almost expiring victims. The visitors from this place were Guy B. Mayo, a novice, and Orlo J. Hamlin, Percy Brown and ye Editor, who have traveled the same road before.

—At the fifty-ninth Annual Commencement of Bucknell University, ninety-nine were graduated from the College, eighty-three with the bachelor's degree and sixteen with that of Master. Some sixty were graduated from other departments. The treasurer reported current income for the year as $105,000 expenditures $107,000. The productive investments of the University equal some $750,000. It was announced that $60,000 had been secured for the new building, devoted chiefly to engineering.

—The following changes in the time of the Sunday services will be observed at the Methodist Episcopal church during the months of July and August. The morning Service will begin at eleven o'clock instead of half past ten as heretofore. The Sunday school will begin at the same hour as previously. The Epworth League will not meet for the next two months and the evening service will be a short service of forty-five minutes and will be at seven thirty instead of eight o'clock as has been the custom during the summer.

—The Frog drinking fountain, for man or beast, is now doing business at the corner of Main and Fulton streets. The fountain is of iron and is painted a beautiful green. On top is a large, life-like looking frog, poised to leap with the sinews of a grasshopper, while on the side toward the walk is a smaller frog, head downward and from the mouth flows cool "ozona," fresh from the headwaters of Blacksmith brook. Two neat cups, fastened to chains, are there for the people and two large receptiels in the fountain provide places for animals. It fills a long felt want and is an ornament to the town.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 26, 1909:

Anderson, Gust
Frisbee, W. D.
Peterson, Carl

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Early Closing of Stores.

The following stores will close at 6:30 p. m. every day except Saturdays and Mondays, commencing Tuesday, July 6th, until further notice:

Fry & Comes,	Oscar Engstrom,
The Lindholm Co.,	H. W. Rubin,
Geo. Brennan,	Wm. Glavin,
C. A. Burdick,	Mrs. Bisett,
Carrie Clark,	W. J. Kerr,
J. Colegrove,	Specht & Susse,
Wm. Monheimer,	Mrs. Hinman,
Andorfer & Lyle,	J. S. McCarthy,
G. H. Denning.	

Searching For A Wife

Am mining man, 34 years old, never married, good health, character, and some accomplishments. Have accumulated over $25,000 in Nevada mining and will settle down in beautiful California with the woman of my choice. Desire to know lady 18 to 30 years old, fair looking, possessing good common sense and who would appreciate good home. No objections to a widow. All correspondence confidentially received.

JOHN W. GRANT,
Truckee, California.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address,

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House. Smethport, Pa.

Summer Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

There are many imitations of DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve—DeWitt's is the original. Be sure you get DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. It is good for cuts burns and bruises, and especially good for Piles. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. Warley Gifford is in Buffalo.

Mrs. D. C. Young left for Buffalo Wednesday.

Murl Backus is home from Port Allegany on a visit.

Glen Stull of Portvile was a visitor in town yesterday.

J. C. Backus left yesterday for a business trip to Chicago.

Mrs. Henry Hamlin was in Bradford the first of the week.

Patrick Bly of Sartwell was in town Tuesday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Heath were Eldred visitors Tuesday.

Hon. James A. McKean was a Bradford visitor on Monday.

Arthur Schafer of Buffalo, N. Y., arrived in town yesterday.

Clarence Parke left this morning for a visit to Franklinville, N. Y.

M. S. Comes and son, Guy, were Bradford visitors Thursday.

Miss Harriet Brown of Williamsport is visiting Lenore Lemmler.

Mrs. James McGuire was a Bradford visitor a few days this week.

Allen Morrison and Donald Hogarth are the guests of Erie friends.

Carl Hector and Hirold McCarty were Port Allegany visitors Sunday.

Waldo Sasse of Kane was greeting his many friends in town yesterday.

Miss Leona Hogarth is the guest of relatives and friends in Bradford.

Miss Hilda Danielson left to-day for the summer at Jamestown, N. Y.

Glen Furr of Indiana, Pa., is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. J. F. Eberspacher.

James Quirk returned Tuesday evening from a business trip to Buffalo.

Scott Connolly is the guest of his sister, Mrs. O. J. Wetrick, at Coudersport.

J. W. Lee and Guy McCoy were business visitors in New York on Tuesday.

Alvin and Oscar Anderson of Newfort were pleasant callers at this office this morning.

Mrs. P. E. Brown and son, Clark, are the guests of relatives and friends in Mt. Jewett.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Colgrove departed to-day for an extended stay at Canandaigua, N. Y.

Mrs. Wilber DeGolier and five children are the guests of relatives and friends at Mt. Jewett.

Mrs. M. Hinkville, Mrs. Geo. Thomas and B. Potter of Rixford visited in Smethport Wednesday.

W. D. Morey left Saturday for Elmira to visit his mother and attend the funeral of Mrs. W. H. Jenkins.

Mrs. William Cooper of Erie, Pa., was in town a few days this week, called here by the death of the late N. H. Knapp.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Laley of Bradford and John Laley of Mendville were in attendance at the funeral of N. H. Knapp yesterday.

Mrs. G. B. Young of Geneva, N. Y., who has been spending some time with Mrs. D. C. Young returned home Wednesday.

Scott McClure, Gard Young, Creigton and Fred Burlingame drove to Port Allegany Sunday and passed the day with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Martindale were the guests of Mrs. Martindale's parents, Mr. and Mrs Fred Lyman Friday and Saturday last.

Mrs. E. V. Lewis and Mrs. Lee A. Gibson of Rochester, N. Y., were here this week to attend the funeral of their brother, N. H. Knapp.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. McVean and children returned last Thursday evening from a ten days' visit with friends and relatives in York, N. Y.

Dr. and Mrs. J. V. McAlpin were in Bradford a few days this week. While there they attended the wedding of the former's sister, Miss Ethel Genevieve McAlpin to Mr. Wilton St. John Hall of Waverly, N. Y.

Benjamin P. Oviatt and sister Miss Ruth Oviatt of Lake Mills, Wis., are visiting their parents in this place. Miss Oviatt has been a teacher in the public schools at that place while Ben is engaged in the printing business there. Both expect to return early in the fall.

To Keep Cool

dress lightly. The lightest, brightest, richest shirts are:

● "EMPEROR" Shirts, $1 and upward.
"PRINCELY" Shirts, 50 and 75 cents.
"JACK-RABBIT" Work Shirts 50 cents and upward.

We have added much to our reputation by selling such Shirts as the above, along with our splendid line of Suits, Hats, Shoes, &c.

Wm. Monheimer

Home Journal Patterns Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

Store Closed July 5th

ROOM SIZE RUGS

A particularly good opportunity to add to your stock of floor coverings is presented to you this week.

We have purchased at a considerable saving a very choice lot of Axminster, Velvet and Tapestry Rugs in sizes as follows:

8 ft. 3 in. x 10 ft. 6 in.; 9 ft. x 12 ft.;
11 ft. 3 in. x 12 ft.; 27 in. x 54 in.

Choice Oriental and Floral designs in rich colorings.

Prices $1.90 to $35.00.

This store will be closed at 6:30 p. m. except Mondays and Saturdays commencing July 6th.

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - Penna.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THORNTON & CHESTER

Searchlight, Acme, White Lilly,

Pie and Cake Flour.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

Confectionery

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

SMETHPORT. - PENNA.

LOOK FOR THE GREEN GOODS

FRESH EVERY DAY

AT

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

...BUY...

Lowney's Confectionery

——AT——

McCoy's Drug Store

A MAJOR AND A MASHER.

The Gruff Old Soldier Conquered In Spite of Himself.

By SUSAN H. ENDICOTT.

(Copyright, 1900, by Associated Literary Press.)

Major James Godfrey, U. S. A., retired and living in his own villa with wife and daughter, and several fads and fancies to keep the family and the neighbors busy, but one particular fad was destined to get him into trouble sooner or later.

He could read in his morning paper with the greatest equanimity of murders, robberies, assaults, thefts and burnings at the stake, but when he came across an item about a masher he fired up at once and shouted out that he would give $500 out of his own pocket to see the scoundrel lynched or sent to prison for life.

His daughter used to look at him in wonder when he broke out in this fashion, while the wife was discreetly silent. Perhaps the latter had flirted a bit before giving her heart to the major and he was remembering it in his old age.

For three months Miss Kate had wanted to attend an art school in the city and receive instructions. During those three months there happened to be an unusual number of "mashes" recorded in the papers, and the father would not hear of her even running up to town to do a little shopping unless he or the mother went along. He was as firm as the rock of Gibraltar.

After a time, however, the record began to peter out, and as he was pleased with what his daughter had already done with the brush and had hopes of her future the major finally gave his consent. It was only eight miles to the city, and then a street car would take her right to the doors of the school. All she had to do, going and coming, as the father told her over and over, was to keep her eyes cast down and her purse clutched tightly in her hand.

Unknown to her, he took the same train to the city with her for a week, and then, as nothing happened and his rheumatism got worse, he left her to make her way alone.

Two weeks had passed when Miss Kate came home one afternoon in a flutter. Her mother happened to be out, and she must tell some one. She therefore related to the father that while on the street car en route to the depot and home some thief had snipped the chain of her purse and borne the prize away. The prize held her return ticket and a dime.

At the depot she found her tearful failing, but a good Samaritan had come forward and handed her change enough for the fare. She couldn't exactly say whether he was a grandfather or a young man, homely or good looking. He had spoken only a few words and lifted his hat and retired. It might have been a white hat or a black one—she could not tell. Obeying her father, she had kept her eyes on the floor, and they were filled with tears besides.

The major heard the story to the end, and then he roared. The man who had taken pity on her financial condition at the depot was a masher, of course. He had followed her home on the train. He would meet her again and make the matter an excuse for addressing her.

He was no grandfather, but a young man, and no doubt a professional masher. Miss Kate should have repulsed him with scorn. She should have had him arrested. She should have hired a truck to bring her home or walked if all the trucks were busy.

For a quarter of an hour he scolded and growled and then wound up by saying that the art school business was at an end. She could attend no more. He would sit on the front veranda with a shotgun across his knees, and if that plotting masher even passed the house he should carry away buckshot. Tears were shed and loving appeals made, but the rock of Gibraltar was right there.

Two weeks passed, and the masher did not appear. At least the major did not fire upon any of the young men driving or walking on the highway.

The daughter felt that the stranger had been actuated by the kindest motives. He had spoken just enough—not a word more. He had not offered his card. The fare was only 25 cents, but she felt ashamed that she could not return it. Had opportunity offered for a second meeting she would have insisted on doing so.

Two weeks passed away, and then the mother went to the city to do a little shopping. She also came home with a tale to tell. She thought she was telling it to her daughter alone, but it so happened that the major was just outside the window and heard every word. She had finished her shopping and reached the depot when she realized that she had spent all her money. A good Samaritan came forward. He smiled, raised his hat, and—that was all.

But Mrs. Major Godfrey's eyes had not been filled with tears and cast down. She had seen that he was a gentlemanly looking young man of twenty-five and that he took the same train as she did and evidently lived farther down the line. Then Miss Kate thought she remembered that in the one instant she had raised her eyes—quite involuntarily, you know—she had made out the same sort of man.

This decision had just been arrived at when the voice of the major was heard in the land. It was heard as it had not been heard since he led a charge in battle. He stormed at the two poor females until they were helpless with terror. A masher had appeared to break up his family, and his family were willing to be broken. Such carryings on might do for Africa, but this was American and he wouldn't stand for them.

He talked the women upstairs, and he talked the cook out of the house, and the good Samaritan was responsible for a very bad night.

It was three days later, and things had settled down a bit, when the major announced that he had to go to the city on a business matter. There was another reason, but he kept it to himself. He wanted to meet that masher and make jam of him. He felt that he could identify him among hundreds, and once he was identified—

On arriving in the city the man of war called on a broker and pocketed some bonds he had invested in and then made calls at three different clubs to see old friends and drink cocktails to "auld lang syne." When ready to start for the depot and home he was in the condition known as mellow. He thought everybody a good fellow, and he thought every good fellow an old veteran, and thus when a particularly keen looking good fellow asked him into a barroom on his way to drink to Old Glory there was no hesitation.

The major will remember to his dying day that he took brandy. He was drinking the last of it when he felt sleepy and the voice of the good fellow sounded far off. When he came to his senses again he was in bed at a hotel and a medical looking man was saying to a young man who didn't look medical at all:

"He'll do now, but there was a time when it was doubtful. He must have got an awful dose."

"Knockout drops, of course?"

"Oh, of course. Lucky for him he has a strong heart. He'll be nearly all right in the morning, but if you can spare the time you'd better see him home. He'll be trembly for two or three days."

The major heard that much and wondered and slept. He awoke again at midnight and sat up in bed to see a young man beside him. He got a dose of medicine and then he suddenly exclaimed:

"Here—what's all this? Where am I?"

"Don't excite yourself, major," soothed the other. "You are at the Revere hotel and very much better than you were three hours ago. Sleep and quietness are what you need now. In the morning you shall learn all."

"But my hands—my hands!" shouted the patient

"Right there before you on the stand, with your watch and pin—not a thing missing."

At daylight, when the man of Mars swung his legs out of bed, the young man sat by the window smoking and smiling. He advanced and presented his card and observed that he had the honor of already knowing the major's name.

"Now, then, what's this all about? And where's my wife and daughter?" was demanded sharply as the patient reached his feet to find himself so weak that he had to fall back on the bed.

"I beg pardon, major, but as you were on your way to the depot yesterday afternoon you met an old soldier and drank with him. He was a confidence man. I entered the place just as the knockout drops had put you into his hands. You lost nothing, and I brought you here and called a doctor. You are pretty near all right now, but I shall see you home after we have had something to eat. Don't object, please. You are weak and dizzy yet."

The idea that he had been a ninny grueled the major, but he was too weak to shout. He wanted to think, but his brain was too sluggish. He was, therefore, like a baby in the hands of the other for awhile. Strong coffee and a bite to eat and the ride to the depot braced him up, and as the train started he suddenly exclaimed:

"Good Lord, but what could they have thought of my not coming home last night?"

"Oh, I telephoned them from the hotel," was the answer.

"But—but— See here, young man, how did you know where to telephone to? By jiminy, sir, are you the masher that met my wife and daughter in the depot?"

"Well, major," said the other, "to tell you the truth, I am. But I'm no masher, and I was trying to get a chance to speak to you and introduce myself properly when I saw you accosted by that confidence man."

"And you've been of assistance to me! Why, sir, you've mashed the whole darned family! Come along with me—come along, sir—and meet my daughter Kate! Lord bless the masher!"

Not In Virginia.

The dusky manservant of a Washington official, being granted leave of absence to visit his home in Virginia, tied himself to a department store to purchase a valise. The salesman seemed to think the darky should purchase something in the way of a large bag. "Here's a fine one," he said—"the best alligator bag you can get. Only"—

"Look heah, boss," interrupted the darky impatiently, "I done tole yo' several times I don't want no alligator bag. I ain't goin' to Floridy. I's goin' to mah home in Virginny."—Lippincott's.

What's In a Name?

Farmer Hayrick—Why are you going to charge the summer boarders more this year?

Farmer Corntassel—I've called the place a bungalow.—Puck.

WIND AND WAVES.

A Gale's Action Upon Water, Desert Sand and Prairie Snow.

There are wind waves in the water, sand and snow. The great sea waves are produced at that part of a cyclone where the direction of the wind coincides with the direction of advance of the depression. Along this line of advance the waves in their progress are accompanied by a strong wind blowing across their ridges as long as the atmospheric depression is maintained. So the waves are developed until they become steep. The average height in feet is about half the velocity of the wind in miles.

A wind of fifty-two miles an hour gives waves of an average height of twenty-six feet, although individual waves will attain a height of forty feet. The prevailing wind in all longitudes is westerly, so wherever a westerly wind springs up it finds a long westerly swell, the effect of a previous wind still running, and the principal effect of the newly born wind is to increase the steepness of the already running long swell so as to form majestic storm waves, which sometimes attain a length of 1,200 feet from crest to crest. The longest swells due to wind are almost invisible during storms, for they are masked by the shorter and steeper waves, but they emerge into view after or beyond the storm.

The action of the wind to drift dry sand in a procession of waves is seen in the deserts. As the sand waves cannot travel by gravitation, their movements are entirely controlled by the wind, and they are therefore much simpler and more regular in form and movement than ocean waves. In their greatest heights of several hundred feet the former become more complex owing to the partial consolidation of the lower layers of sand by pressure, but they still have the characteristic wave features.

In the Winnipeg prairies of Canada freshly fallen snow is drifted by wind in a procession of regular waves, progressing with a visible and ghostlike motion. They are similar to desert sand waves, but less than half as steep, the wave length being fifty times as great as the height. The flatness of the wind formed snow waves affords a valuable indication of the great distance to which hills shelter from the wind.—Chicago Tribune.

TOO GOOD TO BE WELL

A London Hospital Doctor's Hurry Patient From the Outside.

The accident bell at the door of the hospital clangs, and the next moment an agitated parent is seen running down the passage with a child tucked under the arm, its bare legs streaming behind it in the wind of its mother's rapidity.

"What's the matter, missis? Has she swallowed some poison?"

"No, sir; it ain't that," she pants, "but I'm that scared I don't know hardly which way to turn."

"Well, but what's happened? Has she hurt herself?"

"No, sir, and 'er father 'e's that upset 'e couldn't do nothink, else I ain't used to running like that, and we'd have brought 'er up, but 'e says as 'ow 'e daren't touch 'er, and I've run all the way, and me 'eart"—

"Come, now, missis, just tell me quietly what's the matter with the child."

The patient, a pretty little thing of four, looks inquiringly at her alarmed parent. There seems to be little the matter with her.

"It's all very well yer a-sittin' there and a-tellin' of me to be quiet," cries the mother. "If yer 'ad children of yer own yer wouldn't like 'er see 'em die afore yer eyes. Oh, dear, oh, dear, and there ain't only two more and the baby!"

The doctor in despair examines the little girl, but fails to discover anything wrong. "Now, look here," says he firmly, "I can't find anything the matter with your child, so you'll have to go away unless you tell me why you brought her up to the hospital."

"Well, doctor, we was all a-havin' our tea a minute ago as it might be, and 'er father was eatin' a nice bit of tripe as was over from dinner when Susy, this one I 'ave with me, says as 'ow she loved God and was goin' to 'eaving when he doted. What!" in tones of horror. "Ain't yer going to give 'er no medicine?"—Cornhill Magazine.

His Lucky Coin.

In one of his Hibbert lectures Max Muller said to the students: "Many of you, I suspect, carry a halfpenny with a hole in it for luck. I am not ashamed to own that I have done so myself for many years." The case was cited by him in his lecture as an illustration of "survivals" from primeval fetichism, but on his own account Max Muller confessed that when sometimes he had left home without this halfpenny talisman he felt "very uncomfortable" until his safe return.

Woman the Waitress.

"A woman," remarked the wise widow, "is always waiting for a husband."

"How do you figure that out?" queried the interested spinster.

"If she isn't married," answered the w. w., "she is waiting to get one, and if she is she's waiting for him to come home."—Chicago News.

His Finish.

"Did you ever complete your education?"

"No; my wife did."—Houston Post.

Cruelly Frank.

He—How is it you are always out when I call? She—Just luck.—Life.

BY THE STRATEGY OF SEIZER.

A Romance That Began With the Stealing of a Shoe.

By LOUISE JACKSON STONE.

(Copyright, 1900, by Associated Literary Press.)

Mr. Henry Brownlow understood thoroughly why the Widow Smithfield had taken the house next his and ignored her existence with frigid dignity. He kept that side of his dwelling closed and abandoned his favorite seat under the catalpa, smoking his evening pipe behind the clematis.

Nevertheless his unwelcome neighbor obtruded on him continually, for the woman had a child and a cat, and what with her own eternal singing, the chatter of the child and the prowling of the cat the quiet and peace of his life were destroyed.

And his dog Seizer was being spoiled, his disposition ranged by unending conflicts with the cat. He would scarcely settle himself, panting from a rush after her, when she would be back, calmly promenading their walk or sniffing insolently at their kitchen screen.

"Some day you'll catch and throttle her, old fellow," Mr. Brownlow encouraged. "But keep on your own premises. Mind that."

And Seizer promptly halted at the boundary fence until one day his ardor carried him through the broken palings in the wake of the streak of fur and up to the steps where the child sat laughing at the race. And that was his undoing, for the child patted his head, put her little arms about his neck and loved him, and the woman rubbed his silky ears kindly and asked him to come often. And when he returned to his lonely home he left half his heart behind and could not look his master in the eyes that night.

Thereafter the cat prowled unmolested, and Seizer often slipped through the palings for a surreptitious visit.

"TAKE IT BACK INSTANTLY!" BROWNLOW ORDERED.

which things Mr. Brownlow soon discovered and boiled with indignation.

"Ha!" he cried. "That's her trick—subverting Seizer; stealing his affections, meaning, of course, to gain the master's finality! Go to her, if you choose!" he roared to Seizer. "But you can't belong to both of us!"

Seizer did not believe that. He loved both and felt that they had only to meet and understand each other to make it possible for him to belong to both. He would manage it!

Therefore, one evening as Mr. Brownlow moodily smoked behind his vines, glowering through them at the other house, Seizer trotted up and deposited something beside his chair, wagging expectantly.

"What it is, old fellow?" Mr. Brownlow asked genially, having forgiven Seizer's defection. It was the woman's fault, anyway—she was a beguiling creature. Even he felt that.

"What is it, old fellow?" he repeated.

Seizer picked up the object and offered it as if bestowing a fortune.

Mr. Brownlow's feet came down off the cistern pump with a bang. "What the—all creation does this mean?" He dashed the object from him as if stung. A woman's shoe!

Patient Seizer brought it back, looking eagerly down the walk. She would be here presently for her property. They would meet.

"Take it back instantly!" Brownlow ordered. But Seizer stood his ground, his ears cocked for her coming.

"Take it back! Take it back!" his master stormed, cuffing him severely, but for the first time in his life Seizer refused to obey and, when she did not come, lay down with his nose on his paws, gazing appealingly at his master.

"A pretty scheme—pretty scheme, indeed!" Mr. Brownlow exploded. "Put it into his mouth and sent him here with it. I'm to return it, of course, and she'll have her chance. Oh, I see through you, madam!"

He'd return it at once too. He snatched the shoe, which was nearly new, intending to fling it to her back door, but he found it was badly gashed with Seizer's teeth.

That would not have mattered could he be sure the dog had not stolen it. But the doubt made him pause, and he decided he could not pitch it back in that condition.

He worried over it all night, put Seizer into prison next morning and worried all day, went home the long way to avoid passing the widow's house and found the child at the fence comforting Seizer, who had barked himself hoarse.

The child fled at his approach, which so offended him that he threatened the dog as he let him out with terrible things if he did not stay at home and mind his business.

After supper he fastened the doors, drew close the blinds, lighted up and contemplated the shoe standing impudently upon his desk. She had a neat foot, not too small for a woman of her size. He set it beside his own, then blushed hotly and backed away, studying it from a fresh viewpoint. She had a very neat foot, and she was a very good looking woman, too, with a bright smile and a cheery voice. The place had seemed unbearably dull when she had the child had been away once for a few days.

He blushed again at discovering these reflections, curled Seizer for his too interested espionage, shunned the shoe in a closet and retired.

Next morning he decided that he must get a new pair to replace the ruined shoe and send in such a manner that she could take no advantage even if she had planned the situation.

Then arose another worry. Everybody in his town knew that he had no womankind for whom he could be buying shoes. He would never hear the last of the sly hantering. Muttering maledictions, he journeyed to the city with the shoe, duplicated it in a pair of the best and mailed them to her.

For days after he made furtive attempts to ascertain if she wore them, and the impression that she was a very good looking woman deepened and with it great depression of spirits and dissatisfaction with his life. The torn shoe was locked in his drawer.

Mrs. Smithfield, peacefully enjoying her tea one day, was amazed at Setzer's walking in and presenting her with one of Mr. Brownlow's large, shining patent leathers. To his dismay, she cast it from her as if stung.

She called heaven to witness that she had been patient with the insolence of an old bachelor woman's hater. He had made scar upon her cat from the first merely to torment her. The dog was not to blame. He had put Setzer up to stealing her shoe merely to torment her; he had kept the shoe and insulted her by forcing upon her a haunting pair in such a way that he knew she could not return them, merely to torment her, and now, most insolent of all, he sent one of his flatboats and was doubtless sniggering behind his old vines.

She snatched the shoe, rushed to the division fence and hurled it with all her strength into the face of Mr. Brownlow, who that instant bobbed around the house in search of Setzer, having missed his shoe. He dodged too late with a cry and staggered to a seat, the blood streaming from his nose.

In two seconds horrified Mrs. Smithfield was bending over him with a wet towel and tearful, inchoate apologies, which mingled with his spluttering reassurances in confused duet until, suddenly looking into each other's eyes, they were stricken dumb by a mutual discovery.

A little later they sat together upon his favorite seat under the catalpa, his arm around her, the child upon his knee, the cat caressing his legs and Seizer dying madly around them, shrilling his rapture to the heavens.

A Conjugal Duel.

Charles Coypeau, Sieur d'Assouci, a French poet and musician of the seventeenth century, relates in one of his "Adventures" that his father and mother were one day engaged in a discussion upon questions of law when a dispute arose between them with regard to the precise signification and bearing of a provision in Justinian's code with respect to the rights of brothers. Ultimately the quarrel waxed so furious that the disputants lost all control of themselves, defied each other to single combat and proceeded to settle their differences and determine the mind of the ancient legislator by a fight with swords.

This singular duel took place in their son's presence. Coypeau pere was an advocate by profession and a member of one of the French parliaments. Madame was exceedingly diminutive and had to wear exceptionally high pattens to approach the ordinary stature of women, but she was fierce and domineering in temper. The combat appears to have been a drawn battle, and the sense of Justinian remained as obscure and debatable as ever.

A Batch of Anecdotes.

Some interesting anecdotes and gossip, new and old, of the law courts are given in the English Illustrated Magazine. The writer of the article was once present in court when a juror, who opened the ball by saying, "This case, my lord, really lies in a nutshell," received the reply, "You crack it, then."

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CAITLIN DHU

By SEUMAS MACMANUS

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Caitlin was styled Dhu from the color of her hair, which had the glossy hue of the raven's wing.

Right on the brink of the steep bank of the Loch—a bank richly clothed this summer evening with heather and woodbine, and blaeberry bushes—she and Phil sat. Both were still in their bare feet; they had just concluded doing their Station by the Holy Well, and sat them down without resuming their boots. On Caitlin's blue-veined, fair feet Phil's eyes were fixed with a sad look.

The black lashes were drooped over Caitlin's eyes too, and she was gazing into the shimmering waters below.

"Ah, Phil!" she said, feelingly, "don't be so sore on me."

"Sore!—on you? Caitlin, dear, sure ye wouldn't think me capable t' that?" and here he raised his eyes and looked in her face with meek reproof.

"Ye would not be capable iv it, Phil, God bliss ye, ye wouldn't!—but—I know so well that I have deserved it of ye." Caitlin chafed one foot with the other as she spoke.

"No, Caitlin, it isn't to say hard words to ye—God forbid!—that I axed ye sit down with me over here. But"—Phil breathed deeply—"I wanted to put it to yo straight, an' get a straight answer from yer own lips. Have ye preferred Dominic Boyle to yer own free will an' choice? Don't regard my feelin's, Caitlin, me treasure, but spaik now, as I always knew ye spaik, the bare thruth."

"Phil," she said, and looked him in the face, "Phil, I have preferred Dominic Boyle of me own free will and choice." A powerful effort to master her emotion almost gave a defiant ring to the words.

Phil looked her calmly in the eye, a look which she returned for a moment. Then he looked below into the lake.

"Thanky, Caitlin; that's answered as bravely as I'd expect of ye." Here he looked up at her again. An' it's a sad relief to me to know the thing straightforward from yer own lips." As he spoke he placed his hand upon Caitlin's, which, holding her head, rested in her lap. Though Caitlin's countenance still seemed very, very firm set, there suddenly started from her eye a teardrop, which rolled rapidly down a countenance where the colors were chasing one another like sunshine and shadow upon a fickle day and dropped upon his hand. He snatched away the hand with a gasp of pain, as if molten lead had dropped on it.

"Caitlin! Caitlin!" Caitlin's head was now sunk. "Forgive me for puttin' this thrial on ye. I did oit for paice iv mind to mesilf—an' more than me," Phil pleaded. "Forgive me, darlin'!"

"Phil, dear," Caitlin said, "don't spake that way, for God's sake! Me forgive you! Oh, Phil, if there's anywan has the forgiveness in their power, it's wan that has the kind heart an' the good heart to exercise it—an' that's you!"

"Ye're hurtin' me sore, Caitlin. Ye don't know what ye're sayin'."

"Right well I know—an' bitterly, Phil. But I wouldn't like ye'd have too bad an opinion iv me, Phil—"

"Caitlin!"

"I want ye now to know from me own lips that as I hope God will hear the prayer I prayed along that moor this evenin', I never meant to carry ye on through any bad-heartedness. Mind, I don't say I'm not to blame; blameful, indeed, I know I am; but it wasn't wilful on my part. It was somethin' worse than thoughtlessness t' me, Phil, if ye only knew; I had the likin' for Dominic Boyle an' I had the likin' for ye; which I' yez I liked best it would 'a' puzzled me to say sooner. Now, Phil, I say straightforrid to ye—for yer own sake—as I sayed to him last Sunday evenin', me heart has inclined to Dominic Boyle. Don't blame me, too much, Phil; I cannot force me likin'."

As Phil listened to this his eyes were upon the penitents, who stood in the lake and prayed towards the east, and then, turning them round, prayed towards the rude altar on the shore, the waters laving their bare legs.

He turned his gaze upon Caitlin when she had finished. "An', Caitlin, do you think I would blame ye, or expect ye to force yer likin'? Caitlin, I'm afeered ye don't know Phil Maguire yet. Now, Caitlin, give me yer han'. Good-by, an' I pray may God bliss an' prosper yet an' Dominic."

"Oh, Phil, that prayer puts harder on me than if ye sthruck me. Wan word, Phil; I heard that ye an' Dominic had some words on Sunday night."

"It's so—it's so, Caitlin, an' I I'm sorry from the bottom iv me heart. Besides, I didn't know then—I didn't know," and his gaze again wandered to the penitents in the water.

"An' I know?" Caitlin went on, "I have only to ask ye not to say anything more to Dominic—not to quarrel with him; for he's hot. I know I have only to say the word to you, Phil."

"For that ye wouldn't even need to say the word to me. If I sayed an ill word or done an ill turn to Dominic Boyle from this hour, I'd feel, Caitlin, it was to ye I was sayin' an' doin' it."

"Good-by, then, Phil."

Her voice was weak and tremulous as she said it. Phil, without a word on his part, with face even averted, pressed her extended hand; and as he did so another tear fell upon his hand. He bounded away, feeling as if a stab had entered his heart.

He crossed the Paldrin path, where a line of men and women and youths, strong ones and healthy ones, were still moving along in single file, telling their beads with a pleading, mournful cadence that found a faithful echo in the depths of his heart. With head bowed he hurried on to the Holy Well.

"Ye're in a inortial hurry, Phil Maguire."

He turned round abruptly.

"Good-evening to ye both. Dominic Boyle, I'm glad to see ye," said Phil, extending his hand.

Dominic Boyle drew back. "Thanky, Phil Maguire," he said; "I wish I could say as much." Dominic's companion smiled at the sarcastic sally.

"Look here, Dominic," said Phil with great frankness, "I'm sorry for the hot words I sayed on Sunday night—heartily sorry, believe me."

"Phil Maguire," said Dominic, "if matthers to me not that much"—and he snapped his fingers—"whether ye're sorry or plaised for what happened on Sunday night. That's not my business with ye now. I axed ye on Sunday night—Eamon Ward here was listenin."—Eamon nodded in assent—"I axed ye to stop givin' annoyance to Caitlin Dhu. I toul' ye—as I had a right to till ye—that Caitlin desired no there iv yer company; an' I toul' ye that I would see to it ye didn't keep pesterin' her any more. Didn't I say that, Eamon?"

Dominic's friend again nodded.

"An', Phil Maguire, any young man who'd be given to understand that a girl wanted to have nothin' more to say to him, if he had a splank iv manhood in him"—Dominic squared his shoulders and his face blazed—"if he had, I say, a splank iv manhood in him, he'd respect that girl's wish, an' he'd show himself, moreover, above hangin' on to that girl's skirts an' cryin' her favor for God's sake. Phil Maguire, ye're no man!"

With arms crossed, and not a muscle in his face moving, Phil looked him in the eye with apparent calmness, and so heard him to the bitter end. The color went out of his cheeks, though, as Dominic proceeded.

"Dominic Boyle, ye do me wrong."

"Ha! ha! I do you wrong! Then me own eyes do me wrong. I was watchin' ye, Phil Maguire—I was watchin' ye, not half an hour ago, vexin' the girl again. An' ye did vex her more—I seen that, Phil Maguire. If you weren't worse than Indian, ye wouldn't have been guilty iv it."

Phil parted his lips—twice, thrice—hereupon to reply, but closed them again, his face growing more livid at each attempt.

"Now, I promised that I wouldn't allow ye to keep on annoyin" that girl, an' that promise I mane to keep—or thry to keep. Ye have been cried up, Phil Maguire, as the best boxer in Inver, so ye'll not be taken at a disadvantage if ye're challenged by me. This is a holy evenin', an' I'll not air myself disgracing it; but, in the presence iv Eamon Ward, here, I challenge ye to meet me on the morra evenin' half an hour afther sunsettin' undher the knowe that's by the Battery, till ye answer to me for annoyin' Caitlin Dhu."

"Dominic, for God's sake, listen to me!"

"I'll listen, earthly, to yer reply to that."

"I say, for God's sake, hear wan word of explanation from me."

"Oh, so ye think explainin' aister than boxin'? I'm sorry I can't accommodate ye, then. Ye're the first boxer in the parish. On the strength i' that ye vex a poor, defenceless girl, thinkin' none dar' check ye for it. Here am I, that have niver yet crowed much about me boxin', an' I fling a challenge in yer teeth (bein' forced to do it); an' ye, champion boxer, propose to argue me on the matther instead of fight me. I'll confess meself cowed at wanst if it's goin' to be a battle iv words."

"Will ye, then, if ye don't do it for God's sake, will ye have wan minute's raison with ye for Caitlin's sake?"

"Stop, sir, stop! If ye don't want me to br'ak this holy evenin', don't soil that girl's name be mentionin' it with yer lips. Again I throw the challenge in yer teeth, Phil Maguire—ye're witness to this, Eamon Ward, he's gittin' a second an' last chance to take me challenge, or confess himself to the parish as a low-lived coward, only fit to bully weemen. Again I ax ye, will ye meet me at the time an' place I sayed, to defend yer conduct iv this evenin'? Yis, or no?"

Phil, now quite livid, looked him in the eye with contemptuous defiance for a full minute. Dominic tried to return the look as steadily; but could not. His gaze shifted ignominiously.

"No!" replied Phil.

Dominic turned to Eamon Ward.

"Ye're witness to that, Eamon, an' prepared to confirm it to the parish;" then he turned again to Phil. "Then good-by to ye, Phil Maguire; let this be the last discourse that'll ever pass atween us. Ye have now shown yerself to be not only a mean man, but a low bully an' coward, an' if ever again, from this day forrid, ye attempt to split lips to me, though it was in the presence of the priest, so help me Heaven, I'll sthrike ye to me feet! Good-by for now an' forever!"

"Wan word, Dominic Boyle!" Phil placed himself before him. "I'll meet ye the morra evenin' half an hour afther sunset undher the Battery Knowe."

Dominic started back with amazement and heard him out, then he turned upon Eamon a look of astonishment blent with inquiry.

"Iv coorse," Eamon said, and nodded.

Dominic's lip curled with a sneer as he turned to Phil. "All right," he said.

The sun was scarcely gone down into the outer bay on the next evening when Dominic Boyle and Eamon Ward arrived at the Battery of the Lough. Dominic was whistling with a well-affected air of unconcern. He now began to test his leaping-powers, whilst Eamon sat upon the sluice-gate and looked on.

The news of the challenge had to some extent leaked out, for ere they were many minutes there half a dozen other young men arrived.

Phil soon arrived—strangely pale, they all remarked, but very calm.

He gave them a nod and said to them generally: "A party evenin', boys."

Dominic Boyle immediately proceeded to divest himself of his coat and waistcoat, whistling as he did so, and then tied his braces around his loins.

"Are ye not ready, Phil Maguire?" he then asked, for Phil, instead of casting off his coat, had buttoned it upon him.

"Yes, I'm ready."

"Phil! Phil, man! throw off yer coat!" several cried out hastily, and, running to him, they almost dragged it off him.

When the coat was gone he put off the vest himself, and bound his braces around him shakily to Dominic.

"Who have ye to show ye fair play?" Dominic inquired.

Phil looked around on the group. "Enough here to do that," he said. "From yer own friend, Eamon Ward, to Padhrig McGinley, if there's wan would stan' by an' see foul play, I don't know him."

They all murmured in assent and nodded their heads.

"That is," Phil went on, "if I was afeerd of foul play at your hands, which I am not."

At this expression of generous sentiment a murmur of approbation went up from the circle.

"Very well," said Dominic Boyle, "if ye're satisfied, I am. Come on!"

The circle around them hastily widened. Dominic, without loss of a second, sprang upon his opponent, and both closed in fight. Both combatants were powerful fellows. Dominic looked, and probably was, the stronger of the two. But Phil was more lithe, with cleaner muscles, and was a much more practiced boxer.

"Eh? What's over Phil? I don't believe he has got in a single blow yet. There! there's another crasher landed on him by Dominic."

"Ay, ay! By me soul, an' he's losin' the blood too! What is come over him? I niver—God help us, that's a stummer!—I niver seen Phil make such figgitin'. There's somethin' on the poor fella' as sure as my name's Charlie. Phew! blood alive, what a blow!"

"Back! Stan' back, Charlie! Another landed on him—his eye, too!"

"Dear God! Ye can hardly see a feature on his face for the blood."

"An' there isn't out of Dominic as much as would dip a pen."

Dominic went on, more grim and fierce. He let out his left hand with a terrible wind meant for Phil's jaw, and as Phil successfully saved himself, Dominic's right, which followed lightning-like, struck him full in the stomach; Phil wavered a moment, came up again with guards up, and then, a spasm sweeping across his features, fell helplessly to the ground. And as he fell there was heard from above them a scream, and Caitlin Dhu, unbonneted, unshawled, and with her long black hair streaming behind her, came bounding down the knowe and threw herself prostrate on the fallen form of Phil Maguire.

"Caitlin! Caitlin!" they said, pulling her from off him, "for God's sake, give 'im air! He's only winded, an'll be all right in another minit."

Eamon Ward, sitting down on the ground behind him, had now raised Phil's head, and Phil opened his eyes calmly.

"Caitlin! Oh, Caitlin!" he said.

"Phil Maguire," she said, and in her tones were mingled joy and reproof, "why—why have ye done this?"

"Ah, Caitlin! ye should not have come here!"

"On yesterday evenin', Phil Maguire, ye gave me yer solemn word not to interfere with Dominic Boyle. Yer word I never before knew ye to break. Ah, Phil! is not this a punishment on ye from God?"

Phil cast down his eyes and replied not.

Dominic Boyle stepped forward. "Caitlin," he began.

But she stopped him with an imperious wave of her little hand. "Dominic Boyle," she said, with deep anger in her tone, "laive my sight! laive my sight! an' I never want to see a sight of yer face more!"

Dominic's face grew red with shame.

"Yes, Caitlin," he said, "I'll laive yer sight. But I can't do it, an' I won't do it, till I tell ye, first, that Phil Maguire, there, is as blameless of this as ye are. God knows I little suspected that ye had taken such a promise from him, an' I little knew why it was I couldn't provoke him till this fight till I branded him a mean man an' a coward, an' proposed advertisin' his cowardice to the parish, an' did everything but spit on him. An' it's only now, too, that me eyes is opened to the raisin Phil Maguire stood up on the heather there to me this evenin' till I beat an' bruised him as only a brute could. A brute I am, Caitlin Dhu, an' well deserve to be ordhered like a dog out of yer sight. But there lies a man—an', good as ye are, Caitlin Dhu, he's worthy of ye! No! no! Phil, I cannot take yer han' now, for yer red blood (God pardon me!) is on mine, but some day—some day. Farewell!"

COALS of FIRE

By ALFRED STODDART.

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

The sun had mounted high in the heavens and was shining indulgently upon the pomp and glory of the Meadowthrope Hunt club's annual horse show when Ralph Goring's dog-cart drew up by the ring-side. The groom sprang to the horse's head and Ralph and Satterlee leaped down, the former to join a group of horsemen who were inspecting the horses in the ring, and the latter to look for Grace Rawlings.

Satterlee was stopping with Goring for the horse show at Oak Lodge, Ralph's jolly little "hunting-box," as he liked to call it. The first time Satterlee had visited Meadowthorpe he had felt keenly his lack of horsemanship, for Meadowthorpe is a sporting community. On this occasion, however, he felt more at ease, having taken a tedious course of lessons in a New York riding school during the past winter.

To tell the truth, he was horribly afraid of horses and hated the very sight of them, but Grace Rawlings, the Chicago heiress, was staying with the Bradburys. Bradbury was the M. F. H.—and Satterlee's fortunes were at such a point that his only hope lay in heiresses. Besides, in Rome one must do as the Romans do, and here at Meadowthorpe horse-show Satterlee's horsey attire was quite as pronounced, if not more so, as that of any of the other men.

He wore a snuff-colored coat with a red waistcoat, brown riding breeches and leggings. Indeed, he was very smartly turned out. At the last moment, however, he had welcomed the opportunity of driving over to the show with Goring in his dog-cart instead of cantering over on a polo pony, the conveyance adopted by most of Goring's guests.

Satterlee found Miss Rawlings occupying a coign of vantage on the box seat of the Bradbury's drag, and was welcomed by her with a gracious smile.

"Good morning, Mr. Satterlee," she cried; "I am greatly flattered that you should speak to me at all."

"Flattered?" repeated Satterlee. "How could I flatter you? I don't understand."

"Oh, I expected to be entirely neglected to-day. With such an imposing array of beautiful horses, a mere girl ought not to expect any attention at all."

"But I assure you, Miss Rawlings, that if all the horses in the world were assembled in one place I could not see them while you were near."

"Very nicely said, indeed," said Miss Rawlings, with a smile. "But, alas! I see that you are in your riding clothes, and you will probably leave me in five minutes to ride someone's horse in the saddle class."

Satterlee smiled. "Just to show you how wrong you are I intend to remain here by you all day. I had promised to ride one or two horses, but I will cancel my engagements."

"Indeed, you must not do anything of the sort; I cannot allow it," insisted Miss Rawlings. She was visibly pleased; however, much to the disgust of Harding, who had come up just in time to hear part of their conversation.

Wentworth Harding was from Chicago also, and was known to admire Miss Rawlings immensely. He and Grace had known each other since they were both children, and it was not very strange, therefore, that he rather resented Satterlee's cool appropriation of the heiress.

"I did not know you were such a keen horseman, Satterlee," he said, mischievously. But Satterlee was not to be taken off his guard.

"Oh, I ride a good deal," he said, carelessly. "But I don't care much for anything but 'cross-country' riding; it gets rather tiresome on the flat." He had made his bluff and determined to stand by it.

Harding did not know whether to be angry or amused. He knew that Satterlee could barely stick on a horse, and it made him rage inwardly to hear that enterprising youth boast of his prowess to Grace. He realized, however, that it would never do to ridicule Satterlee in her presence, for she seemed more than favorably impressed with him, so he choked his wrath and hastened off to where Ralph Goring and a group of his friends were standing. To them he related Satterlee's remarks, much to their detectation. Harding's wrath, however, was unabated, and he cast about in his mind for some means of foiling the hateful rival who was, for the present, at least, triumphant over him; for Grace Rawlings had let him go without a word while she listened to Satterlee's boasting. He and Grace were friends of long standing, but she did not encourage his love-making. In his despair he sought Mrs. Bradbury, with whom he was a great favorite, and forthwith a plan of campaign was outlined between them for the discomfiture of Satterlee.

Beatrice Halliday, who had once given Percival Satterlee a little lesson in horsemanship was sought by the conspirators and urged to enter into their plot. They found her only too willing to do so. Her horse, Rocket, was entered in the class for hunters, and Rocket had carved out a name for himself in the Meadowthorpe country. A few minutes later, just as Satterlee had excused himself and left Miss Rawlings, "just long enough," as he explained, "to beg off riding those horses," Mrs. Bradbury and Beatrice, arm in arm, approached the Bradbury drag, upon which the heiress was sitting.

Beatrice's countenance wore a look of anxiety which admirably concealed the diabolical plot which she was forwarding, while both Mrs. Bradbury and Harding, who assisted them to mount the drag, looked innocently unconscious.

"Grace, dear," said Mrs. Bradbury, sweetly, "it seems you are favored above all other women, and Beatrice has come to ask your influence."

"My influence!" laughed Miss Rawlings. "With whom, pray?"

"Why, Percy Satterlee, of course. You know he is considered the best 'cross-country' rider in New York."

"No, really!" exclaimed the heiress; then, remembering Satterlee's careless remarks, "To be sure, I have heard that he rode very well."

"Of course you have," said Beatrice, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Well, the favor I want to ask is simply this: I am dying to have Mr. Satterlee ride my horse, Rocket, in the hunter class, but I dare not ask him. Rocket is a good horse but a little headstrong, and it takes a good rider like Mr. Satterlee to show him to advantage."

"I am sure," said Miss Rawlings, "that Mr. Satterlee would be only too delighted to ride for you if you asked him. Why don't you?"

"No, no! He would refuse. I am sure. He is so modest about his horsemanship. You would think he couldn't ride at all. Please, Miss Rawlings, do this for me, I beg of you," cried Beatrice. "I am going to drive home for luncheon, but will come back here in about an hour for the answer. Remember, I depend upon your influence."

So saying, Beatrice got down from the drag and went with Harding to seek her own carriage. Presently Satterlee returned, and luncheon having been spread by the servants from the capacious hampers which were carried in the boot of the drag, a merry party assembled to dispatch it.

Satterlee paid devoted court to the heiress throughout the informal meal. When it was finished and the men had lighted their pipes and cigars, he and Grace strolled away from the rest of the party.

They talked of many things, and finally their conversation turned to the coming race.

"I want you to do something for me. I want you to ride a certain horse in the hunter class," said Grace.

"Why, of course," replied Satterlee, "but whose horse is it?"

Satterlee's heart had almost stopped beating, and it was all he could do to prevent his knees from smiting each other, but it would never do to betray such tendencies.

"I am not going to tell you just now," answered Miss Rawlings as they rejoined the party. She was delighted with her success in persuading Satterlee to do something which he would not do for such a favorite as Beatrice Halliday.

So when that charming young sportswoman joined them after lunch, Grace was all smiles.

"I have secured your rider for you, Miss Halliday," she cried triumphantly. "Mr. Satterlee says he will be delighted to ride Rocket. Won't you, Mr. Satterlee?"

"Ride Rocket! Great heavens!" ejaculated Satterlee mentally. Ride Rocket, the brute that had nearly done for him once, a horse known and feared as a terror even among the hard riders of the Meadowthorpe set! Was the woman mad?"

But he pulled himself together with a might effort. He saw that Beatrice was looking at him with eyes full of ill-disguised mirth; but he knew it was his only chance to win the heiress. So he set his teeth and braced himself to murmur with an easy nonchalance:

"Of course. Delighted, I'm sure."

Then he treated Miss Halliday to a look of deliberate defiance, which almost disconcerted her. She could afford to yield him a point, however. The plot was progressing merrily.

"It is awfully good of you," Beatrice murmured. "Now I am sure of the blue ribbon."

Presently the rumor commenced to spread that Satterlee was going to ride Rocket in the hunter class. People began coming up to the Bradbury drag by twos and threes to congratulate him on his nerve; some of them to pretend to dissuade him from his purpose.

But Satterlee was not to be daunted. He knew as well as anyone that he was the victim of general mirth, but fortunately Grace, a comparative stranger to Meadowthrope, knew nothing about horses in general or Rocket in particular. Hearing of the latter's reputation from every side, however, she now became alarmed on Satterlee's account and begged him not to ride such an ill-tempered brute.

Satterlee only laughed and gently reassured her. If it were intended that any horse should kill him, he would have been dead years ago, he told her.

To the others who came up Satterlee vouchsafed few replies, but contented himself by staring at them defiantly through his monocle. As the report spread and the time for the hunter class drew near he became the object of even more general interest. He saw himself being pointed out from a distance, and little groups of people, entire strangers to him, congregated in front of the drag to gaze at him and point him out to each other.

Really, he was quite the hero of the hour, and he began to enjoy the sensation.

But his enjoyment received a sudden shock when he beheld the attendants dragging a number of formidable looking hurdles into the ring. There was a stiff post-and-rail fence, an ugly in-and-out, and a hedge.

The time had come when he must do or die, and he almost wished that he might choose the latter alternative. Only he wanted to die comfortably in a bed, not to have his brains kicked out by a diabolical brute on the tan-bark of the ring.

It was now or never. Sink or swim, come what might, the die was cast, so he bade Miss Rawlings a touching adieu and went to mount Rocket.

Beatrice Halliday was standing by Rocket's head. A groom assisted Satterlee to mount.

"You don't know how much I appreciate this," she said to the latter, sweetly.

"Oh, yes, I do," he returned from between his set teeth. "I know just exactly how much you appreciate it, and some day I will return the favor."

With which sinister threat he set off for the entrance to the ring, the groom holding Rocket tightly by the head. The bugle played a fan-fare as Satterlee entered.

In another moment, however, she had given vent to a piercing shriek and covered her face with her hands; for the moment the groom had released Rocket's head, that enterprising animal had whirled himself around and thrown himself high into the air on his hind legs, pawing frantically at the atmosphere with his fore-feet. Satterlee grabbed at the reins, but one of them was lost. He could only tug desperately with the other, and the result was that in an instant man and horse were both sprawling in the tan-bark.

Fortunately Satterlee had fallen clear of the horse, but he lay absolutely motionless, as though dead. When Grace looked again he was being borne from the ring in this condition by a number of men who had rushed to his assistance.

In a very short time she was bending over him where he lay on a couch in the club-house. He was breathing quite regularly, but his eyes were closed and he appeared to be insensible. A doctor was making a hasty examination of him, but beyond a slight cut on his forehead, which was bleeding quite freely, he did not seem to be seriously injured.

Satterlee, who knew this as well as anyone, lay quite still, keeping his eyes closed by a mighty effort.

"They have ruled Rocket out for bad manners," he heard someone say on the clubhouse porch.

"Do you think he will die, doctor?" implored Grace in an agonized tone.

"Oh, no," returned the physician cheerfully, "at least not this time. With careful treatment I am sure he will recover. But I can't understand why he does not regain consciousness. I think perhaps I had better bleed him."

"The devils you do," said Satterlee, and he opened his eyes. A glad cry escaped Grace, and the doctor's eyes twinkled.

"I will leave him in your care a few minutes, Miss Rawlings," he said. "He needs rest and quiet. You must keep people away from him."

"But I must ride that horse," said Satterlee, making a motion as though to get up. Grace's hand gently detained him.

"You cannot," she said. "Rocket is ruled out, and so he ought to be. What a dreadful, dreadful horse! How can I ever atone to you for asking you to ride him?"

Satterlee smiled. "You can atone for it, but I am afraid the penance will be too great."

"Nothing can be too great. I am wretched about it."

Then said Satterlee tenderly, seizing her hand, "You can atone, Grace, by becoming my wife."

Miss Rawling' face became suddenly rosy-red, and to conceal her embarrassment she buried it in her dainty handkerchief.

"Oh, Mr. Satterlee," she whispered, "you are such a dashing knight."

Satterlee extricated her mousquetaire from beneath his red waistcoat and once again kissed it tenderly. The heiress was touched and her eyes filled with tears.

"If I do, Percy," she said, leaning over him, "will you make me one promise?"

"I will promise anything, everything, my darling—only say you will be mine."

"Then promise me on your sacred word of honor that you will never again ride horseback."

Satterlee pretended to hesitate. "You have asked me to give up a great deal," he said, "but I promise—I promise.

Then, forgetting his wounded condition, he jumped to his feet and kissed her, much to the dismay of Wentworth Harding and Beatrice Halliday, who chanced to look in from the club-house porch at that moment.

It was not until after his marriage that Satterlee took his threatened revenge on Beatrice. One day she received a package from a fashionable jeweler, and upon opening it she found that it contained a pin in the form of a dainty gold horse-shoe, upon the arch of which the word "Rocket" was spelled in letters of pearls and diamonds.

Satterlee's card came with it, and over the name he had scribbled: "Coals of Fire."

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The Laplanders.

The Laplander's average height is four feet eleven inches for the men and two inches less for the women.

Rice Water.

Cornstarch, so much used in America for food, is not in demand in China, as the natives use for similar purposes the water in which they have boiled their rice—congee water. This liquid when cold sets into a thick, viscous and transparent jelly, which is colored, sweetened and eaten as Americans eat blanc mange.

The Maelstrom.

The famous maelstrom, whirlpool is about four geographical miles in diameter.

Girding With the Sword.

The ceremony of investing a new sultan with the sword of Othman, the founder of the Ottoman dominion, is called takildi saif, "girding with the sword." This ceremony corresponds with the *ceremony of coronation*.

The Compass at the South Pole.

The needle of the ordinary compass refuses to work when near the south pole.

Convicts in Japan.

In Japan a convict may earn enough money while in jail to maintain his family. He has the best of food and lodging, is taught a trade and if he wishes pursues the study of foreign languages.

First German Tragedy.

The first German tragedy was "Cleopatra," written by Von Lohenstein in 1671.

As They View It.

Life is a strawberry shortcake,
It ought to be added, though,
That the optimist sees the berries,
While the pessimist sees the dough.
—Houston Post.

Medical Joke.

"Yes, Ann talks culture till one falls asleep."

"Sort of Ann esthetic."—Princeton Tiger.

REDI'S EXPERIMENT.

Out of It Grew the Great Fabric of the Germ Theory.

It was a fixed belief of the ancients that many living creatures could come into existence in a spontaneous fashion, to which allusion has often been made. The true beginning of the germ theory arose out of a ludicrously simple observation made by Redi, a Florentine physician, about the middle of the seventeenth century. He debated with his confreres in Florence the question of the origin of the maggots appearing in decomposing meat. The old view held, of course, that the maggots were bred within dead and putrefying substances. Redi, taking a piece of meat, covered the mouth of the jar in which it was contained with a piece of fine gauze. He beheld the flesh dies, attracted by the smell of the decaying meat, coming to deposit their eggs, after the manner of their kind, in the decomposing substance. The gauze, however, kept them from effecting this natural object, with the result that the eggs were laid on the surface of the gauze and the maggots there hatched out, while the decay of the meat went on uninterruptedly without a single maggot appearing in its substance.

On this childishly simple experiment the great fabric of the germ theory of today was founded, for if the law of universal parentage applied to the case of maggots and meat it was clear, argued Redi, that it must apply universally. Subsequent experimentation proved the words to be true, and so today, when our attention is focused upon germs or microbes so minute that we might accommodate many hundreds of thousands of them on the surface of a postage stamp, we again come face to face with Redi's first principle that each germ could only have sprung from a preceding and parental organism.—Brooklyn Eagle.

It is impossible to make your conduct perfect, but it is easy to make it better than it has been.—Atchison Globe.

That Settled It.

The commissioners in lunacy were nonplused. The man on whose mental condition the courts had appointed them to pass seemed perfectly sane in spite of all testimony to the contrary. His every action, his every remark was rational. They were about to give up in despair when matters took an unexpected turn. "Oh, doctor, permit me to return the umbrella I borrowed from you last week," said the patient.

And then, at the thought of earning their fees with no qualms of conscience, the learned men decided that any one who would voluntarily return a borrowed umbrella should be placed under restraint.

This simply proves how trifles will ever mold our destinies.—New York Times.

He Followed Directions.

Red tape leads one to curious lengths. A writer in the Columbus Dispatch tells of a street railway car that picked up a young heifer on its fender and carried it some distance through the street.

In making out the required report to the superintendent the employes wrote in answer to the query on the blank form, "What did the victim say?" "She was carried along on the fender and then rolled off and ran away without saying a word."

The Way Out.

"Think, love!" said Mrs. Gobsa Golde. "I ordered a dinner gown, and that tiresome dressmaker has sent me a traveling suit."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" Gobsa Golde demanded.

"The only thing is for us to go abroad again," she sighed.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Amiable.

"They say Thelma's husband is a very amiable man."

"Amiable! I should say so! I have known that man to laugh at a joke when he was quickly down the stovepipe."—Baltimore American.

The Land of Cain.

Labrador, according to a local tradition which the gleaners of folklore consider of much importance, is the land to which Cain was banished after the murder of Abel. That country, according to the legend, was cursed by God with perpetual silence on the day when it was granted to the first murderer. Certain it is that the whole region has been silent and desolate ever since it was first known to white men.

Bangkok.

The town of Bangkok is largely afloat, the houses being built on rafts of bamboo.

The Fohn Wind.

When the fohn wind blows in some parts of Switzerland the natives are not allowed to make any fires or light candles. A conflagration would be unmanageable.

The First Envelopes.

The first use of envelopes was in 1847. The first envelope ever made is in the British museum.

Earthquakes and Bridges.

The damage to bridges by earthquakes is due generally to the banks of valleys being drawn together, according to W. H. Hobbs, whose conclusions are based on a study of earthquakes in the United States, India and Japan extending back to 1886.

The Gift of Gab.

To "have the gift of gab" means the gift of the (use of the) mouth, "gab" being the Scotch word for mouth.

Hawkeye.

Iowa almost from the date of its admission has been called the Hawkeye State. Hawkeye was the name of a noted Indian chief who in the early days caused no little trouble along the western border of American civilization.

A Cup of Tea.

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